

The Constellation.

"VARIOUS, THAT THE MIND OF DESULTORY MAN, STUDIOUS OF CHANGE AND PLEASED WITH NOVELTY, MAY BE INDULGED."

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THE CONSTELLATION.

For the Constellation.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS OF THE SEA.

To Enoch Timbertoes.

DEAR UNCLE,

According to promise I take this first opportunity of sending you my "first impressions" of the sea. Well then, to begin at the beginning—the last day I spent in New York, I endeavoured to keep away from my friends, 'cause I do not like partings from them I have a sincere affection for—they make a person feel kind of all-over-like—you always have something to say which you can never get out, and then you feel kind of as if you would like to cry if you was not ashamed of it—but to tell you the natural fact, I did cry, and had a real feast of it—never roared louder or longer in all my life, excepting when father killed my pet bull-calf. Well, as I said, I took no leave of no one, and went straight on board the packet that was to sail me over the tempestuous sea. She was anchored in the river, and I seeing a man in a boat, hollered out to him to tell him I wanted to get to the vessel, and he said he would row me there with pleasure. "Will you," said I, "I am glad I can please you so cheap." So I got into his boat, and we were along side in less than no time, and just as I was going to get out, said he, "A quarter of a dollar, sir, if you please?" "What," said I, "a quarter of a dollar for pleasing you—who ever heard the like!" But he insisted, and I paid him—but it was just no more nor less than robbing, but said I to myself, I'll book that are. Well, I got on board, and my first impressions there were, that I was going to be swallowed up whole—for a great big bull-dog, with his ears buttoned back, and his mouth wide open like a panther's, came barking and bounding towards me, so that I was near collapsing with fright, but the steward spoke to him, and he turned round and left me, and right glad was I, I promise you. I went straight down into the cabin and requested the mate to chain the bull-dog, but he laughed and told me that he was as tame as a pet lamb. It was dinner time, and the steward was putting the victuals on the table, and among the rest was a large plate of cabbage. Thinks I, if that don't collapse some of you, then I am no prophet—and I had hardly got the thought out, before the steward, in carrying it to the table, was taken with a collapse, and such a kicking and hallooing, I never heard before nor since. The mate went on shore and got a doctor who gave him a dose of something, and then ordered him in the boat to be taken on shore to the hospital. So I took the first opportunity to go too, when I immediately swallowed a dose of No. 6, and went to bed. Next morning I went down to see the captain, who told me that it was all a sham—that the steward did not want to go, and took that method to get on shore with his month's advance. "Pretty good," says I, "I guess I'll book that are"—and the captain told me to be on board, as he should go to sea in the afternoon. So on board I went, and the pilot gave the word, and the sailors began to turn round a great wooden thing in the head to twist in the cable—presently he cried "Paul" with a loud voice, and then told them to hoist the sails, and we were soon going down the river with a smart chance of wind I tell you. As we were leaving the city, I, as the man of old, beheld it afar and wept over it, and my last impressions of New York were, that it was a caution of a place for a green-horn. Well, the wind blowing fresh, we soon got to the place where the pilot was to leave us. Two men in a boat came to us a begging, and the mate gave a piece of beef and pork into the boat, and then the pilot got into her and left us—there was something about this begging that I did not understand, for I never heard of beggars in America, and sailors too, men who never beg, as I have often been told—but thinks I, live and learn, as

my old aunt Nabby says—I'll book that are. Well then, in a short time we got to sea, and then began such a scene as would have turned a heart of flint into cotton wool, but them are sailors, as the mate used to call them, did nothing but laugh at us, but one of them a little more merciful than the rest, came to me and told me that he had a universal remedy for sea-sickness. So he got me a piece of fat pork with a string tied to it, and a cup half full of molasses—he told me to dip the pork in the molasses, then swallow it—then haul it up, then dip it in the molasses, and swallow it again, and so on until I was better—but I really think it made me feel kind of worse, and when I told him so he said I must drink a pint of sea-water, and I hardly had got it down before I felt such a dreadful retching in my stomach that I run to the side of the vessel to cast up my accounts, but the wind blew it all into my bosom, and then the mate sung out to me, "Nothing to windward but hot water and ashes"—then the sailor that turned round the wheel behind, kind of turned the vessel round, and slop came a whole wave right straight into my face, and made me as wet as a dish-clout—and O Lord! how bad I felt—it fairly makes my bowels yearn to think on't now. I really wished myself back again with uncle Zephania up in Ohioe riding on a raft or a flat-boat. Well, then, the first day after we had got better, we all got seated on little cross-legged stools round the table, and the nigger steward brought down some soup and two chickens boiled, when Mr. Tonson, who I believe had been a player-man, asked me if I saw that most foul murder on board that day. "Murder!" said I, and just at that moment the captain handed me a plate of soup, and the vessel gave a roll, and through the surprise at the murder and fear of the hot soup, I lost my balance, and over I went and the hot soup on top of me, and greased them are pantaloons all over that father gave me for learning to shoot without winking. Well, I was in a pretty mess, I tell you—it frightened all thoughts of the murder out of my head for two or three days, and then after I had found his joke, I told him if he cracked any more of them on me that I would soon let him know he had barked up the wrong saplin, as we used to say when we lived up in Ohioe. Well then, after dinner I took my pants and tied a rope to them and hung them before the vessel in the water to wash, and when I went to take them in I found them missing, and that are sea-marine monster, the mate, told me that a shark had taken them away, and that if I kept a sharp look out I might see him with them on. Presently we saw a great many fish round the vessel which the men called dolphins, and Mr. Tonson hooked one on a line, and just as he was hauling him in if that are shark didn't jump right straight up and try to catch him back again. But the mate, who is an old head and would puzzle a lawyer, had a long pokerish thing with prickers on the end of it, which he threw right straight into the shark's head, which made him jump, I tell you. "There," said I, "now go and bring back my pantaloons." Well, the dolphin was taken in on deck, and he was the most beautiful creature I ever saw, and if he didn't change color faster than Evelina's cheek did when I popped the question at the husking-bee, I wish I may be shot, as we used to say up in Ohioe. After he had turned all sorts of colors, he died, and then turned another color, shivering and straightening out as cold as a wagon-tine, as we used to say in Ohioe. Then the mate took a great large knife, and the way he took off his skin was nothing to nobody—thinks I, you are half Indian, stranger—then he gave it to the cook and asked if any one had any silver money about them to try the fish with to see whether it was poison or not, when Mr. Mount, a gentleman from Virginia, handed the cook a quarter. The mate told him if the fish was poison the silver would turn green, but if the fish was not poison it would disappear—and faith! it did disappear sure enough, and we ate the chowder with mighty good appetites I tell you.

Your loving nevy, STEPHEN.

NOTES OF A BOOKWORM.

GREEK WINE.—Francis I. having a present of some bottles of Greek wine which he found excellent, a bottle was left on the buffet of the dining-room. Next day, the king called for his Greek wine, when the bottle was found empty; and an archer of the

Scottish guard confessed the theft. Being brought before the monarch, who asked him how he knew that the wine he had stolen was Greek? He answered, that he had applied the bottle to his mouth, and, as he gulped, the wine cried *grec, grec, grec*. This odd answer surprised the good king into a fit of laughter, and the soldier got off scot-free.—*Bonnet*.

THE ECHO-HORN.

At dawn Aurora gaily breaks
In all her gay attire;
Majestic, o'er the glassy lakes
Reflecting liquid fire.
All nature smiles, to usher in
The blushing queen of morn;
And huntsmen, with the day, begin
To wind the Echo-horn—
The Echo-horn—sweet Echo-horn.

At eve, when gloomy shades obscure
The shepherd's tranquil cot—
When tinkling bells are heard no more,
And daily toil forgot,
'Tis then the sweet, entrancing note,
On zephyrs gently borne,
With witching cadence seems to float
Around the Echo-horn—
The Echo-horn—sweet Echo-horn.
At night, when all is hush'd and drear,
And starlight on the deep—
When lambkins, housed from every fear,
Are lull'd in balmy sleep—
'Tis then the plighted lover hies,
With flaxen locks unshorn,
Beneath the cottage window sighs,
And winds the Echo-horn—
The Echo-horn—sweet Echo-horn.

G. F. H.

RUSSIAN POLICE.—The excellency of the Russian police must be seen in the admirable order of the streets. In the night a Russian city is as quiet as a small village; no watchmen call the hour; the frail sisterhood are in bed betimes, and you may walk from one end of the city to the other without hearing a word. Attempt to make a disturbance, you are surrounded by people who pop out of curiously painted boxes (the Emperor's colour), and who hand you off in one second. A stranger is in no danger from the intrusion of those gentlemen, notwithstanding Rae Wilson is of a different opinion. I have been through Petersburg and Moscow at all times, at all hours; I have measured public statues, &c. and never but once was molested; this was in Moscow, when I attempted to count the number of guns left by, and taken from the French during that unfortunate and desperate retreat. I was in plain terms told to decamp, as there was an order that no stranger should touch or count them.—*New Monthly Mag.*

BROUGHTON THE FUGILIST.—Till after the decease of the late Gen. Money, of Crown-point, near Norwich, it was never known by what accident Broughton, the prize-fighter, came by his death; but a memorandum to the following effect was found among the General's papers, which sets the matter at rest: Broughton, it appears, with the extravagant habits of men of his cast, made no provision against adverse days, though patronised by the first men of the land. He, therefore, when means failed him, took to the road, and, soon after he commenced this new occupation, met General Money by the way-side. The General knew his man, and in reply to his demand desired him to go quietly about his business—observing, "Broughton, I know you, but I will never mention this." Broughton, however, still persisted in having the General's money. "Well," replied the General, "if you will have it, you must;" and drawing a pistol from his pocket, he shot Broughton, who reached some place desperately wounded, and died soon after.

CAUTIOUS LOVE.

Do any thing but love; or, if thou lovest,
And art a woman, hide thy love from him
Whom thou dost worship; never let him know
How dear he is; flit like a bird before him,
Lead him from tree to tree, from flower to flower;
But be not won, or thou wilt, like that bird
When caught and caged, be left to pine neglected,
And perish in forgetfulness. Miss Landon.

PETER I. AND LOUIS XIV.—Had I leisure, I might here pause to point out a notable contrast between Peter the Great and Louis le Grand; both creators of a new era, both associated with a vast change in the condition of two mighty empires. There ceases the likeness, and begins the contrast; the blunt simplicity of Peter, the gorgeous magnificence of Louis; the sternness of a legislator for barbarians, the clemency of an idol of courtiers. One the victorious defender of his country—a victory solid, durable, and just; the other the conquering devastator of a neighbouring people—a victory glittering, evanescent, and dishonorable. The one, in peace, rejecting parade, pomp, individual honors, and transforming a wilderness into an empire; the other involved in ceremony, and throned in pomp, and exhausting the produce of millions to pamper the bloated vanity of an individual. The one a fire that burns, without enlightening beyond a most narrow circle, and whose lustre is tracked by what it ruins, and fed by what it consumes; the other a luminary, whose light, not so dazzling in its rays, spreads over the world, and is noted, not for what it destroys, but for what it vivifies and creates.—*Bulwer*.

GREEK AND TURKISH CHARACTER.—The Turks are generally considered to be honest than the Greeks, and in point of fact they are, or at least appear so; they are certainly less mendacious, and are too clumsy to practice chicanery to advantage. Their probity, however, depends not on any moral repugnance to deceit, but solely on the want of talents to deceive. I never found a Turk who kept his word when it was his interest to break it; but then I never knew a Greek who was not unnecessarily and habitually a liar. He is subtle in spirit, insidious in discourse, plausible in his manner, and indefatigable in dishonesty: he is an accomplished scoundrel; and beside him, the Turk, with all the desire to defraud, is so gauche in knavery, that, to avoid detection, he is constrained to be honest.—*Madden's Travels*.

ROUEN.—The approach to Rouen is exceedingly fine. You look down from high ground upon the Seine, which is here a majestic river, spotted with several woody islands, and winding through a spacious and fertile valley. The hills on each side rise to a considerable elevation, and they are handsomely clothed with wood. Several side valleys branch from the valley of the Seine, and conduct tributary streams to its capacious bed of waters; in these valleys numerous cotton mills are situated, many of them newly built, and which, being turned by water without steam engines, and being all whitewashed and newly covered with blue slate, have a very ornamental and lively appearance. The ancient city of Rouen lies in the valley, on the banks of the river, and stretches on to the neighbouring hills; the towers and spires of its cathedral and other churches are its chief ornament. At and below the city the river is covered with boats; and the whole scene is enlivened by a numerous population, busily engaged in the processes of manufacturing and commercial industry. The valley, thus adorned and peopled, and intersected by the broad winding stream, is seen for several miles, and forms a striking and even splendid view. The ancient capital of Normandy, which has of late become entitled to the name of the Manchester of France, from being the principal seat of the cotton manufacture, has been enriched, but certainly not embellished, by the manufactures which have established themselves among its population of 86,000 souls. It is a gloomy city, its high brick houses being blackened by smoke and age, and the streets being narrow and dirty. Its fine specimens of architecture are all of great antiquity. Manufactures are just of that date in Rouen at which they fill a town with smoke and dirt, and before their effect in enriching the inhabitants becomes visible in the new and ornamental buildings which wealth creates. An Englishman, in traversing Rouen, will not forget, nor remember without some emotion, that from this city the conqueror of England issued with his expedition eight centuries ago, to overturn Saxon dynasty and nobility, and to parcel out our fair lands amongst the warlike adventurers who followed him.—*Letters from the Continent in the Leeds Mercury*.

Danger.—Some ill-natured ascetic has sent us the following—"A woman intrusted with a secret is like a gun heavily charged—in danger at last—ing."

DISCREPANCY.

THE ARCTIC LOVER TO HIS MISTRESS.

From "The Knickerbocker."

Close is the long winter night!
Look, my beloved one,
How glorious, through the depths of ice,
Rods the majestic sun!
The willows, naked from winter's death,
Give out a fragrance like thy breath;
The summer is again!

Ave! 'tis the long bright summer day!
Hark, to that night-crow!
The season's secret speaks away—
The summer is again!
Steward the golden season to the world,
While, from its crown translucent, gleams
The sunny summer dash.

See, how my heart is melted for thee,
By moon's and sun's glow—
The world does not look the same
More surely than before.
We'll go where, on the rocky shore,
Her voice the surrounding sea-fair piles
Beside the rocky shore.

Oh, look thee when the sunny blows,
Well wind-blows from the fur;
With L. upon a pile of snows,
Look and defy the heat.
Come, though the ice, and huge of frame,
Thou art his voice strength shall tame,
And drag him from his lair.

When crimson sky and happy cloud
Bespeak the summer field,
And snows, that melt no more, enshroud
The valley white and dead,
I'll hold of ice thy winter beam,
With glimmering walls and forest dome,
And floor with skins bespread.

The white fox by the earth shall play;
And, from the frozen snows,
The tatters of a name thy
Shall flash upon thine eyes.
And I—'for such thy voice—'merrily,
Shall hear thy voice and see thy smile,
Till that long midnight face.

W. C. Bryant.

"49. Ay.—Ed. Alas.

PROFESSOR LESLIE.

This biography of a celebrated individual recently deceased, is abridged from the Caledonian Mercury.

Professor Leslie was born in April, 1766, and destined, we believe, by his parents to follow the humble though respectable occupations connected with a small area and mill. But before he reached his twelfth year, he had attracted considerable notice by his proneness to calculation and geometrical exercises. After some previous education, his parents were induced, in consequence of strong recommendations, and of obtaining for him the patronage of the late Earl of Kinnoull, to enter him a student at the University of St. Andrews. Having passed some time in that ancient seminary, he removed to Edinburgh, in company with another youth, destined like himself to obtain a high niche in the temple of scientific fame—James Ivory. Whilst student in our University, he was introduced to, and employed by Dr. Adam Smith, to assist the studies of his nephew, Mr. Douglas, afterwards Lord Reston. Visiting the church, for which, we believe, he had been intended by his parents, he proceeded to London, for completing the usual course of study in Edinburgh, and carried with him some recommendatory letters from Dr. Smith.

His earliest employment in the capital, as a literary adventurer, was derived from the late Dr. William Thomson, the author of many and various works, all of which, with the exception of his 'Life of Philip the bird,' have fallen into oblivion. Dr. Thomson employed Mr. Leslie in writing or correcting notes for a edition of the Bible with notes, then publishing in numbers, under some popular theological name. But Mr. Leslie's first important undertaking was a translation of Buffon's 'Natural History of Birds,' which is published in 1793, in nine octavo volumes. The man he received for it laid the foundation of that penury independence which, unlike many other men of genius, his prudent habits fortunately enabled him to attain. The preface to this work, which was published anonymously, is characterised by all the peculiarities of his later style; but it also speaks a language of great native vigour and lofty conceptions, long touched with admiration for the sublime and grand in nature and science. Some time afterwards, he proceeded to the United States of America, a tutor to one of the distinguished families of the colonies; and after his return to Britain, he engaged with the late Mr. Thomas Wedgwood to accompany him to the Continent, various parts of which he visited with that accomplished person, whose early death he ever lamented as a loss to science and to his entry.

At what period Mr. Leslie first struck into that illustrious field of inquiry where he became so conspicuous for his masterly experiments and striking discoveries regarding radiant heat, and the connection between light and heat, we are unable to say; but his differential thermometer—one of the most beautiful delicate instruments that inductive genius ever contrived as a help to experimental inquiry, and which he attributed to his happy ministry to the success of some of his finest experiments—must have been invented before the year 1800, as it was described in Nicholson's Philosophical Journal at that time. The results of those fine inquiries, in which he was so much aided by this ex-

quisite instrument, were published to the world in 1801, in his celebrated 'Essay on the Nature and Propagation of Heat.' The experimental devices and remarkable discoveries which distinguish this publication, far more than atone for its great defects of method, its very questionable theories, and its transgressions against simplicity of style. The work was honoured, in the following year, by the unanimous adjudication to its author, by the Council of the Royal Society, of the Rumford medals, appropriated to reward discoveries in that province whose nature and limits he had so much illustrated and extended.

The year just alluded to (1805) must, on other accounts, be ever viewed as memorable in the history of Mr. Leslie's life, and we fear we must add, in the history of ecclesiastical persecution of the followers of science. It was in this year that he was elected to the mathematical chair in our University, and that our Church Courts were disturbed and contaminated by an unwarrantable attempt to annul that election. It was in 1810, we think, that he arrived, through the assistance of another of his ingenious contrivances—his hygrometer—at the discovery of that singularly beautiful process of artificial congelation, which enabled him to convert water and no more into ice. We happened to witness the consummation of the discovery—at least the performance of one of the first successful repetitions of the process by which it was effected; and we shall never forget the joy and elation which beamed on the face of the discoverer, as, with his characteristic good nature, he patiently explained the steps by which he had been led to it.

Mr. Leslie was removed to the chair of natural philosophy in 1819, on the death of Professor Playfair. He had previously published his Elements of Geometry, and an Account of Experiments and Instruments depending on the relation of Air to Heat and Moisture. Of his Elements of Natural Philosophy, afterwards compiled for the use of his class, only one volume has been published. He wrote, besides the works mentioned, some admirable articles in the Edinburgh Review, and several very valuable treatises on different branches of physics, in the supplement to the Encyclopædia Britannica. His last, and certainly one of his best and most interesting compositions, was a Discourse on the History of Mathematical and Physical Science, during the 18th century, prefixed to the seventh edition, now publishing, of that National Encyclopædia. He received the honour of knighthood, in the present year, on the suggestion, we believe, of the Lord Chancellor.

A SOJOURN IN THE KING'S BENCH.

(Concluded.)

Excepting in the external appearance of the place, and the vigilance with which its massive portals are guarded,* the King's Bench is as little like a prison as may be. Let the stranger, who may find himself some fine morning in the airy court-yard, look round upon the busy crowd of racket-players, and detect, if he can, in the joyous and hilarious throng, any symptoms of imprisonment. Let him take a more extended view, and turn his gaze upon the broad, terrace-like promenade, which runs the whole length of the aforesaid yard, and he will perceive the same absence of fear and sorrow, although there no boisterous pastime meets his eyes. He may now, if he pleases, walk with me into the coffee-room, and I will introduce him to Lord —, Sir John —, Colonel —, Captain —, and some half dozen "honourable"—all honourable men,—whom we shall find talking of the result of the last St. Leger, and arranging their bets, for the next; some lounging over their breakfasts, for it is only two o'clock; and others, with their legs on the benches, comfortably reading the newspapers,—the turf and hunting appointments, with the "fights to come," the list of bankrupts, and the police reports, engaging their principal attention, and giving birth to comments after the following fashion—"I say, G., what do you think! Here's Gully again laying great odds on Birmingham!" "No! the devil he is!" "Aye, by jingo, is he! Why, I hear he won ten thousand upon the last Sullinger." "Very likely, for he's a deep file." "Deep!—aye, as deep as Garrick." Here another chimes in—"But what do you think of the fight to come between Tom Spring and Langan? Is it safe to bet, think you?" "That's as may be," replies a knowing one. "I have laid on pretty thick, upon Spring; and I'll now bet any one ten to one on the battle." "Done! done! done!" from half-a-dozen voices; and the knowing one registered the bets with becoming formality. "Who do you think is a bankrupt?" cries a rouse-looking youth, with his dull eye still fixed upon the paper, but emitting a momentary sparkle at the fortunate discovery. "Who? who?" is asked by nearly every person present. "That—Jew, M—, the tailor!" "Hurrah! bravo! well done!" and similar joyous exclamations follow.

* Amongst the numerous lessons, which the heedless acquire from an intimate acquaintance with the King's Bench, there is none more forcible than that which teaches the true value of money. The "and aera famæ" is the prevailing passion here, amongst all the functionaries, from the burly marshal to the lowest turnkey. During "term time," any prisoner may procure a *day-rule*, by purchase of the marshal, and by the payment of the necessary fees to the subordinates. The price of this privilege, which, like every other privilege, is most gloriously abused, varies according to the circumstances of the individual, it being generally regulated by the amount of the detainee's debt; but the marshal, although a devoted worshipper of Plutus, will not refuse reasonable terms, nor stickle about fractions. His myrmidons are equally amiable, and wonderfully accessible to the influence of gold.

this announcement, and the utmost gloom is testified at the intelligence. No one reflecting, or attempting to reflect, that most probably he had been, individually, extremely and most diligently accessory to the poor creditor's failure. It would occupy more space than the most liberal of Editors could afford, and, to speak candidly, much more than I would willingly wish to occupy, to describe in detail all the joyous pastimes and indulgences which the inmates of the King's Bench are permitted to enjoy. If they have but 'the needful'—no matter what may be their rank, or the nature of their offence—they may live like princes, and exclaim, with that hero of bullies, the 'Ancient Pistol,'—

"A fig for the world and worldlings base!"

Some years ago, when the Hon. Thomas C—y, now long since gathered to his honorable fathers, honoured the Bench with his residence, he engaged a suite of rooms, the same which form the furthestmost angle to the principal range of buildings; and, for his own convenience, he removed the heavy, old-fashioned windows, and supplied their place with light and more elegant French ones, which are still extant, although somewhat patched and otherwise defaced. This high-spirited aristocrat, setting common decency, or, at all events, common honesty at defiance, held here his parties and *conversations*, which were attended by some of the most distinguished individuals in the kingdom. A pretty imprisonment this gay gentleman must have endured, when he enjoyed every luxury which money could procure; and, excepting in the important article of liberty, led as happy a life as he was wont to do in his own house!

The only privation to which the inmates of the King's Bench are formally subjected is the use of spirituous liquors. Wine and malt liquor they may swim in, if they please; but spirits, excepting as medicine, are strictly forbidden. It is, needless, however, to observe, that even these interdicted luxuries may be easily obtained by those who will pay for them. There are certain establishments, classically denominated 'Tape-shops,' where spirits of every kind may be obtained, and in any quantity; and those who have sufficient boldness or ingenuity to traffic thus illicitly, have an opportunity of realizing no inconsiderable sum; but, generally speaking these dealers in 'tape,' are sad scoundrels, and may be classed amongst the very lowest of the prisoners. I am not quite sure that my 'fat friend,' the butcher, occasionally traded in this line: he had the reputation, at all events, amongst his fellow prisoners of the same class, of 'knowing a thing or two'; and his villainous looks corroborated their suspicions: he was, in every respect, worthy of the notoriety imputed to him.

These, after all, are only the *lights* of the affair; it has its *shadows*, also, and gloomy enough they are! Let any honourable-minded man, for an instant, reflect upon the outrage which his moral dignity receives by the mere act of imprisonment. How can we boast of independence and freedom, when the malice or knavery of another, nay, even of our own footman, may hurry us at once, like a common felon, from the bosom of our family, and plunge us into prison! Nay, under many circumstances, the condition of the debtor is absolutely worse than that of the most atrocious felon; for the latter, he is his offence ever so heinous, will have his crime investigated before he is consigned to the dungeon, but the debtor may be hurried *instantly* to gaol, or, what is as bad, to one of those hellish dens of Jewish extortion and insolence, called *Sponging Houses*, without even the means of apprizing his family or friends of his misfortune. Legislation is a fine thing in theory and in principle, and oh, Mr. Editor! where will you find a finer and more philosophical legislative code than the British? When the ancient British monarch, Howel Da, formed, in the tenth century, a systematic code of laws for the benefit of his loving subjects, he did not contemplate the intricate rignarole of proceedings which is now necessary to recover a simple debt of five pounds. Assembling the few wise and honest men to whom the government of the kingdom was then entrusted, he confided to them the enactment of such laws as were best adapted to the welfare of his subjects. Instead of a loquacious Parliament, he selected from amongst the pious and learned men of the country thirteen of the best and wisest of his subjects;—to those he committed the rigid examination of the ancient customs and institutions of the kingdom, with full power to form a set of laws adapted to the wants and welfare of the people. With a judicious and discriminating eye they abolished every injurious and unnecessary enactment, and rendered more perspicuous and comprehensible, those which had become confused and unintelligible. Thus, by a proper digest of the whole, a system was framed which was admirably adapted to the genius, the necessities, and

* The following fact was related to me by a gentleman upon whose veracity I can implicitly rely: it is a sweet illustration of the loveliness and utility of our precious law of arrest. A speculator, well known on 'Change, obtained information of a scheme at Paris, by which a large sum of money might easily be realized. He imparted his information to a relation, also a speculator, and with whom he had had many money transactions. His relation wished him joy of his speculation, and they parted. The gentleman had informed his relation that he intended to set off for Dover that same evening; and he had scarcely reached his home, when he was arrested for upwards of 200*l.* at the suit of his relation! He was of course marched off to a sponging-house, where he remained till the evening of the next day, and was then liberated; his conscientious kinsman having, in the mean time, anticipated his speculation, and derived all the advantages of it. When he returned, he advised his victim to keep his speculations secret for the future,—till he had accomplished them!

the situation of the people. In this code there was no enactment so oppressively absurd as that which allows the incarceration of debtors, nor any clause so absurd as to admit of a construction inimical to the claims of a defrauded creditor. If a man contracted a debt, his property was made available to its payment; if he had no property, the creditor must have waited till he had, or have foregone his claim as a penalty for his heedlessness in trusting a pauper; and if there was any dispute, the matter was settled without any of the blessings which the wisdom of modern legislation has invented and showered upon us through the medium of the court of Chancery.

I have heard many lawyers descant with much fluency upon the beauties and the philosophy of our statute-law; and my "very sincere friend," R—, was always extremely eloquent in his eulogy on our happy system of jurisprudence. *Apropos!* I have usually remarked that these eulogistic sentiments are always in proportion to what is termed the 'respectability' of the lawyer; in other words, his knavery. Hence arose the enthusiasm of my 'very sincere friend, R—,' and his eternal praise of the philosophy of English law; and from the same cause springs all the gibberish of his fellow-labourers in a vineyard so abundantly supplied with profitable produce. But I should like vastly to be informed wherein consists the philosophy of sending a man to gaol to enable him more effectually to pay his debts? Such an incongruous proceeding is favourable to the 'man of law,' because it puts money in his purse, and that, he thinks, is 'excellent good philosophy'; but he knows full well it is the very worst means, of advancing the interest of the creditor, and the very best mode of completing the ruin of the debtor. I will ask him—the 'man of law,' I mean—one question, 'Did he ever either the means or morals of a debtor improved by incarceration in a prison?' He will be a bold man to answer in the affirmative; for he must be well aware that the very reverse is the fact. There is indeed so manifest and glaring an inconsistency in dragging away a man from his business, and thus divesting him of the means of retrieving his losses, that none but a despotic or heedless government would ever have thought of perpetrating such folly. Not only does this legal measure afford the greatest facility for the indulgence of revengeful malice, but it, at the same time, enables the really fraudulent debtor to cheat his creditor without limitation; and the only benefits which accrue from it, are the enrichment of the lawyers, and the opportunity which litigation affords to courts of law, with all their formality, of maintaining their judges in scarlet and ermine, and their subordinate functionaries in fees and insolence. The very stipendiary who bawls 'Silence in the court!' is paid and supported by the hard wrung fees of the unfortunate debtor. So is the vagabond bailiff, and his still more vagabond 'follower.' The whole system, in short, is one of hardship and oppression on the one hand, and of absurdity and injustice on the other; and will continue to flourish so as long as lawyers and theoretical statesmen are interested in its perpetuity.

Bad and absurd as this law is in its operation upon the pecuniary condition of its victim, I question whether it has not a much more disastrous effect upon his moral and general character. Mr. Edward Gibbon Wakefield could, perhaps, impart to us some instructive information illustrative of the influence of imprisonment upon the human mind; but we do not require the evidence of that enthusiastic, and somewhat visionary, expounder of the abuses of our criminal law to point out what must be sufficiently obvious to every man of common observation. To the high-minded, generous, and extravagant youth, whose offence has originated in the two heedless indulgence of feelings, of themselves, and under proper control, absolutely estimable, the disgrace of imprisonment is not easily obliterated; and his entrance into prison is usually accomplished under such a state of reckless despondency and sorrow, as is most favourable to his complete ruin. Already has his character received a fearful shock by the very act of the arrest; and the *desagremens* of his situation are not much alleviated by his temporary residence in a sponging-house, where, if he chance to be alone, he has abundant leisure to reflect upon his misfortunes, and no trifling opportunity of witnessing and enduring the vulgar familiarity and *slang* of his keeper, or his wife. If he is a novice in such matters, his sharp and watchful host—who has previously impressed upon him the great desire which he has that he should make himself at home—is profuse in his consolation; and, by well practised skill, he continues to obtain such information as may be of service to him. If he ascertain that his inmate has any prospect of forthcoming property, he has so good an opinion of his honour, and so forth, that he has some little trinkets, or some

* Amongst the not least oppressive burdens connected with the law of arrest, are those imposed by sheriff's officers,—a set of men whose every exertion is exercised in plundering the unfortunate. The unblushing extortions of these remorseless harpies are scarcely even exposed to them. Controlled by nothing but an abject fear of detection—the sworn foes of candour and humanity, to whom liberality is a bye-word, and honesty reproach—such are the men to whom the execution of this odious law is entrusted, and such are the men by whom it is rendered even more disgustingly oppressive than it is. It affords me, as it must every feeling man, inexpressible gratification to find that these men have had their day; and that the law, always tardy towards its myrmidons, has at length stretched forth its reluctant arm to punish them. Mr. Carus Wilson deserves the gratitude of the public for his exertions in bringing these gentlemen to justice.

wine, or some other articles, well suited to a man of taste and fashion, and which the young gentleman may have, if he likes, by giving for them only a bill at six or twelve months! As the articles are of the finest material and of the first manufacture, and the wines the most choice Champagne (or at least nothing cheaper than *Lafitte*), the price is, of course, rather high; but what young man of spirit cares about prices? The bargain is struck—the bill drawn out and accepted—and the purchased property transferred to the young man of spirit, amidst the mutual rejoicing of the pair.

In two or three days, perhaps, after an ineffectual attempt at the amicable arrangement, the young debtor's friends being resolved to humiliate him by a taste of imprisonment—a dangerous experiment!—and the creditor, like a true John Bull, holding out, because 'he won't be swindled by no one for nobody,'—or, in the hope that the friends will come forward, and settle the business rather than permit such an exposure,—an arrangement being then impracticable, our youngster, by means of a *Hobbes Corpus*, is removed to the King's Bench, where, in a short time, he becomes duly initiated into its gay mysteries; and, as a young fellow, with such good prospects, experiences no difficulty in raising money, he spends his time as merrily as possible, and is accounted by his companions 'a devilish fine fellow.' His friends having thus gratified him with a 'taste of imprisonment,' consent to his release; and as, in the mean time, every one of his creditors has lodged a detainer against him, they must all be satisfied, and our 'devilish fine fellow' recommences his career unshackled by debt, but with the knowledge of the means of becoming so in a way infinitely more expeditious than any with which he was previously acquainted. He has not had a 'taste of imprisonment' without carrying away a portion of its flavour; and if his father or his uncle were previously of opinion that he was too headless and extravagant, they will soon discover that all his bad qualities have been greatly augmented, and his good ones proportionably diminished. In short, having entered upon his perilous ordeal not yet corrupted by example, and with an impression that he was hardly dealt with by his friends, being, moreover, of a social, generous, and heedless disposition, he gladly avails himself of such amusements as the prison affords. The great moral bond of reverence and affection has been burst asunder by what he considers to be the cruelty and unkindness of his kindred; and having now no object to resist temptation, and every inducement to seek and pursue it, he falls a ready victim to the allurements of vice, and adds, to the thousand already existing, another striking example of the purifying benefits of imprisonment.

In its effects upon every class of individuals, imprisonment for debt must work evil; and were it only as breaking through that barrier against moral corruption, which is supplied by untarnished independence, it were quite sufficient to warrant its abrogation.* I will not—I cannot believe, excepting under some extraordinary circumstances, that even the most conscientiously upright man, or the most persecuted victim of legalized malevolence, can reflect with complacency upon even an unjustifiable incarceration. The sacred purity of his moral privilege as a man has been tarnished, his dignity has been offended, his independence violated, and his best and dearest feelings outraged; and it is sad to reflect, that, as the law now stands, the most virtuous and honest man living, may be torn from his family and hurried off to confinement, if he is indebted to an individual a sum so small as twenty pounds. Talk of the liberty of the British subject! Talk of his egregious blindness, and folly rather, in suffering so long from a law so wicked!

[The writer here gives some practical rules for the information of such as might like himself have the misfortune to be compelled to sojourn for a time in the prison, but as they are only of local interest, and of use in England, we omit them.]

And now, Sir, I have done. My sketch has necessarily been brief and hurried; but perhaps it may be interesting, even to such of your readers as, far removed from my precarious and lowly estate, may seem above the possibility of that ordeal I have passed. Alas, Sir, let them not deceive themselves! While there exists the law of arrest by mesne process, who among the wealthiest are safe? There are many Malvolios, Sir, respectable and well to do in the world, honest men and prudent, who have 'their greatness thrust upon them' in the shape of a prison. And yet, Sir, there are many merry fellows, like the clown in the play referred to,—pleasant panegyrist of our excellent code of law,—who say to the poor prisoner chafing against the darkness of its injustice, as the clown said to the good steward, 'Why it hath bay windows, transparent as barricades, and yet complainest thou of obstruction!'

*I witnessed a ludicrous illustration of the depressing effects of imprisonment upon the courage of some dashing debtors in the Bench. They were lounging in the coffee-room on a Sunday afternoon, watching and quizzing some of the Sunday visitors. Captain C., of the Blues, suddenly cried out—"There's little —, the tailor, of St. James's-street!" and to describe the confusion which ensued would be impossible. The coffee-room was deserted in an instant, and every secluded nook and corner of the building was occupied by the fugitives, till the formidable apparition of 'Little —, the tailor,' had left the prison. It appeared that every one of these individuals were indebted to —, who, it was imagined, and I suspect rightly, had paid this visit to the Bench for the purpose of discovering how many of his debtors were confined there, in order that he might lodge detainers against them. I do not recollect whether his search was successful or not.

THE SAILOR—A SKETCH OF CHARACTER.

We add, from the Comic Offering, a specimen of one of the favourite attempts of the day, which may afford some amusement; and in which there is certainly a good deal of ingenuity, although perhaps it is occasionally strained.

"A sailor is a most curious amphibious animal—a sort of 'marine curiosity,' belonging more to the water than the land, as he is an *odd fish*; being connected with the *Pike staff*, he is called a *Jack*; but as his taste for rum or tobacco prevails, he is either a *Bottle Jack* or a *Smoke Jack*.

He is also called sometimes a heart of oak; but although he is a climber, and one of the *hop species*, he seems most naturally to belong to the (h) elm.

He knows but little of agriculture, except *ploughing the sea*, which produces *waving crops*,—and this he supposes to be the reason why the helm is called a tiller. [?]

He reckons *twice* as many capes and headlands as other geographers, because he has *doubled* them all; he cares but little for *added property*, his principal interest being *floating capital*: hence he suffers greatly by a *run on a bank*—when, in spite of his reliance on the *main chance*, and his hopes of *raising the wind*, poor Jack is indeed *run aground*.

He will sail under a *double reef*, though he would not dare to sail over a *single one*! Though he *walks* not on the water, he often *rides* upon it, and has likewise been on it in a *gig*. Being questioned as to the existence of *sea horses*, he says, of course there must be such creatures, because he has often *seen sea mees*!

He is prompt at a *tack*, and has sometimes injured a *skull in a row*:—yet he shows mercy to his enemies on the *quarter-deck*, for he and his messmates have always death before their eyes, because from their *berths* they see their *shrouds* by the *dead lights*!

Jack is nothing of a Jew, by his love of *pigtail*, yet he is fond of *boarding* at others' expense; perhaps this arises from his always making a *mess* of his own food when he cooks it. He passes some part of his life in a *cott*, yet his habitation is generally *three times more decked* than another's. Though he is no gardener, he understands *'making [h]arbours*;' and if he seldom *anchors in a bower*, why at least he is frequently near his *bowser-anchor*!

He compasses all his designs of *roaming*; and no barber, *sedan chairman*, or *turn-coat elector*, is more expert in going from *pole to pole*!—yet he would fancy each harbour was his vessel's *tar-ryng place*.

Speaking of history, he says his royal namesake, King John, had better have given the nation some *large maps*, instead of *Magna Charta*; that Alexander the Great must have a *lobber* to have puzzled for many hours over one *knot*, when the worst boat that sails can 'go it' at the rate of many *knots in one hour*; that a *loyal sailor* is often forced to become *Jack-o-Binnacle*; and as for an invasion by France, whenever such a thought has been harboured in her *Brest* (which would be the 'road to Rouen') the vision had been a *fleeing one*!

Though his commander may have *stern habits*, he is always disposed to put his men *forward*, and make them understand a *bow*. As a musician, Jack is more likely to be an instrumental than a vocal performer: because (though he has a good notion of correct *soundings*) he can't *pitch his voice* as well as he can *pitch his fingers*.

Not much given to the *pathetic*, he is sometimes attached to the *Tender*. More constant in friendship than in love, he never shuns an old shipmate, but is often accustomed to *cut-lass*; his fickleness is, however, easily accounted for, as the greatest naval heroes have been *Admiral ails*! Some places make Jack an *anchor* at, yet he generally hates solitude, never going below without a *companion*, and in the dark nights is always surrounded by *beams*.

His ship is his mistress (she is also a *master*), and he accounts for her feminine appellation by her being frequently in *stays*, and having *earrings*; he often praises the beauty of her *waist*, which he guards with his *small arms*; it is to be supposed that he admires *en bon point*, as he speaks rapturously of her *fin broad side*, and he describes her *arms* as *six and thirty pounders*!

He has great faith in a *caul*. Each man should be good in his calling, yet the boatswain's call is *nauti call*. None of the ship's company dislike *taking a watch* now and then,—and I am ashamed to add, they sometimes *all tie to*! In extenuation of their few failings, we should recollect that persons brought up on the 'salt and briny deep,' are very likely to become 'little Pickles'!

With some *loose habits*, Jack has others which keep him in *check*; his stocking he calls *navy jallies*, and he at first invented *channel soled shoes* and *pumps*, to let in and out the salt water. The reason of his wearing such a *small hat* is his dislike to a *cap size*!

In his *stove-ical moods*, he betakes himself below, as his strong hold. He does not often brood over any thing, yet is found under *close hatches*! *Foul weather* comes *pat* to him after seeing *Carey's chickens*; then no fine eared musician can take more precautions against the *squall*! Yet, being a philosopher, when his ship is *taken aback*, he is generally *taking a-backy*!

Jack likes some animals, particularly *powder monkeys*, many of them being kept on board: but he has a prejudice against a *cat*, though every ship has two *cats' heads*, and nine *cats' tails*.

He so loves a *spar* that he will sometimes even *box the compass* in a pointed manner: his time is divided between *running on his rigs* and *running up his rigging*!

As national emblems, the Rose and the Thistle are equal to him: but he decidedly prefers Ireland to Wales, because he would at all times rather hear of a *Sham rock* than a *Leak*.

In no service is promotion so rapid as on board ship, as there is an *Ensign raised* every day; and in taking vessels laden with money, what men are more disposed to *enterprise*? When on land, Jack has no objection to the *puffs* of auctioneers, because no one knows better than himself the assistance of *trade winds filling sails*!

Finally, I have not the least doubt of my little jokes being received in good part; for who better than a sailor knows how to *TAKE AN OBSERVATION*?

TRIBUTE TO MINISTERS.

London, Wednesday, Nov. 7.

Yesterday a deputation, headed by Sir John Key, the Lord Mayor of London, and consisting of 40 gentlemen, waited upon Lords Grey, Althorp, and John Russell, to present their Lordships with gold cups, the produce of a penny subscription among the people. Lord Brougham, in consequence of illness, could not receive the deputation, and sent to the Lord Mayor an intimation of his regret at being obliged to postpone his interview upon so interesting an occasion with the committee.

At a quarter-past one the deputation arrived at Downing-street, and were immediately received by Lord Grey, whom Sir John Key addressed in the following terms:—

"My Lord—A large portion of my fellow-citizens, admiring your Lordship's high character and feeling—deeply grateful to you for the benefits you have rendered to your country, have been anxious to offer to your Lordship a tribute of their esteem and memorial of their gratitude. A deputation of the committee, formed for the purpose of carrying the wishes of the people into effect, have now the honour of waiting upon your Lordship, and requesting that you will do them the honour of accepting that testimony which they are commissioned to present to you, and which is the result of the most warm unanimity. They are perfectly aware, my Lord, that it falls far short of your Lordship's merits, or of that grateful feeling of respect in which you are held by all; indeed they would readily among themselves have contributed for a much more expensive proof of their approbation; but it was their wish to afford to as large a number as possible the gratification of uniting in thus testifying their gratitude. It was on that account that the subscription of each individual was limited to so small a sum as one penny, by which means an opportunity has been offered to upwards of 300,000 of those honest and independent men, who, though they may be called by some the humbler classes of society, will vie with the proudest noble in the land in the independence of their spirit, the integrity of their conduct, and the support of the liberties of their country; who, by their firmness and determination to aid your Lordship in your arduous struggle for recovering for them their long-lost rights and privileges, have set an example which has met with a responsive echo from every freeman through the land, and by their temperance and moderation proved themselves worthy of those liberties, the restoration of which your Lordship, and your illustrious colleagues, have achieved. By such subscription has this cup been purchased. The committee are aware that your Lordship would appreciate the tribute of the feelings of those they represent, not for its intrinsic value, but as affording a gratifying proof of the estimation in which your Lordship is held by so numerous a portion of the free, and enlightened, and independent inhabitants of that great city, in which liberty has ever been cradled and cherished, to the promotion of the cause to which your Lordship has so eminently contributed, and the principles of which you so unremittingly and powerfully maintained.—The deputation feel gratified at this opportunity of waiting on your Lordship, and unite with me in most earnestly wishing that your Lordship may long continue to guide the affairs of this country, and that your valuable life may be long, very long, preserved, a blessing to your family and your country."

His Lordship then presented the cup, of which the following is a description:—

The foot represents the root of an oak, surrounded by the rose, shamrock, and leek. The stem on which the cup rests is the trunk of an oak, with branches rising on either side, which form the handles. The body is ornamented with the rose, thistle, and shamrock, intermingled with the branches and leaves of the oak. On one side of the cup the arms and crest of each Noble Lord are engraved; and on the other side is engraved the following inscription, which, with the exception of the name, is the same on the four cups.

To the Right Hon. CHARLES EARL GREY, K. G., First Lord of the Treasury,

THIS CUP,

Purchased by a Penny Subscription of the Inhabitants of London and the Metropolitan Districts,

under the Patronage of

The Right Hon. Sir John Key, Bart., Lord Mayor, is presented,

as a Testimonial of their high Admiration and Esteem, for his Noble and Patriot Conduct

in procuring

a Reform in the Commons House of Parliament;

and as a Memento, that

best supports the Dignity of the Crown, by insuring the Welfare and Happiness of THE PEOPLE.

The cover is surmounted by a crown, and the sceptre with the dove, the emblem of peace, supported on one side by the sword and scales of justice, and on the other by an open Bible, on the leaves of which is written, "Take away the wicked from before the King, and his throne shall be established in righteousness." Prov. chap. xxv. 5. On either side are emblematical devices, representing the two Houses of Parliament, resting upon the industry of the people, which is illustrated by the horn of plenty, and the implements of husbandry. Round the rim of the cover are the Bacchanalian symbols of Joy and Gladness.

The cups weigh 85 ounces, and will contain five pints of wine each. They were made by Messrs. Gass and Son, 42, Oxford-street.

The above cups are the result of a penny subscription of the inhabitants of London and its environs; planned, carried on and matured by a committee.

Lord Grey bowed to the committee, and addressed them nearly to the following effect:—

"I receive, with a degree of gratification which I really cannot find words to express, this highly flattering mark of the approbation of so large a number of the people of London. The gift is, as your Lordship has truly remarked, valuable in my eyes, not because of the intrinsic worth, but because it testifies the approval of my public conduct in a way which it is impossible to contemplate without the deepest feeling of respect. It is, I must say, the more estimable to me when I consider its occasion and the circumstances which have given rise to it. All things, in fact, have concurred in rendering the gift one of the most valuable which I ever have received, and my sense of gratitude is greatly increased by the consideration that the tribute is presented by the hands of your present Chief Magistrate, and that it comes from the great and opulent city of London—a city not more important for its greatness and opulence than it is for the maintenance of those grand principles, without the promotion and support of which liberty cannot, under any circumstances, exist. I accept of your gift, my Lord Mayor and gentlemen, with much greater gratitude than I can possibly give utterance to, and I shall hand it down to my posterity, not only as a testimony of the affectionate recollections of a generous people, but in the hope that it will operate as an incentive to the pursuit of those acts by which the liberties of the country are supported and secured. I have no merit to boast of save that of a faithful adherence to the principles which I have professed all through a long public life. I have, in the endeavour to discharge my duty to the public, been assisted in carrying into execution a great measure by the public, without whose assistance I know that all my efforts would have been unavailing. I trust that the result of the united exertion will be most highly advantageous to the community; but I feel, and cannot help acknowledging, that if it had not been for men, virtuous, and independent, and spirited as those I now have the honour to address, the attempt to carry into effect the measure to which I allude would have been quite useless."

The committee could not resist the temptation to cheer the Minister as he proceeded in his observations.

Mr. Denby, the chairman of the committee, then proceeded to describe the emblematical figures on the very beautiful cup which was presented to his Lordship. After having complimented his Lordship, in the course of his description he came to the part which represented Bacchus, and said that his Lordship, in quaffing the juice of the grape from the vessel, would drink to the continuance of the liberty which he had contributed so mainly to re-establish.

Lord Grey said there could be no doubt of that. He would drink to the general establishment of freedom, connected with peace and order.

The deputation next proceeded to the apartments of Lord Althorp, in Downing-street, and

The Lord Mayor addressed his Lordship and informed him that 300,000 of his grateful fellow-citizens had contributed to produce the memorial which was now offered to his acceptance. The Lord Mayor spoke in the highest terms of the exertions of the Noble Lord, and wished him long life, to bring to perfection the great plan of political and moral improvement which he had so gloriously commenced.

Lord Althorp declared that his feelings upon this occasion were not to be expressed or described. It had been said that the present was not one of great value. It was, he thought, take it under any circumstances, of considerable value, but that value was infinitely increased by the manner in which it had been presented to him, and the manner in which it had been subscribed for, for nothing on earth could be a source of greater gratification to him than to receive from an enormous body of men any testimony of their unanimous approval. He had been, by the assistance of the people, enabled to carry a great measure, and the honor which had been conferred upon him, and the popularity which he had acquired, were infinitely beyond what he had expected or deserved; for it was surely no great merit to carry through, when he had the power to do so, a measure which it had been his object, during the whole of his life, to effectuate. If such a reward as that which he now received from the hands of 300,000 of his fellow-subjects were to follow the accomplishment of all virtuous measures by virtuous means, he did not know who could resist the mighty temptation to join in the enterprise.

The deputation last visited Lord John Russell, at the Army Pay-office.

The Lord Mayor in addressing the Noble Lord said, that the citizens of London having, for years, witnessed his exertions in the cause of civil and religious li-

large, and in defence of the rights and liberties of the people were anxious for an opportunity of exhibiting the estimation in which he was justly held by them, and presented him with that cup in proof of their esteem and gratitude—the esteem, and gratitude of those who might very justly be termed the saviours and saviours of the nation—by whose firmness, temperance, and independence, he and his illustrious colleagues were supported in their enlightened and arduous struggle for restoring to the people their long-lost rights and liberties. To a nobleman who, like his Lordship, bore a name which had ever afforded an illustrious example in the pages of British history, whose ancestors had nobly led and died in support and in defence of the liberties of the people, at a time when they were assailed by a reckless and tyrannical Monarch, to such a nobleman it must afford a gratification indeed to receive the grateful acknowledgments of the esteem and gratitude of a body of 300,000 of the independent inhabitants of this great city, within whose walls liberty had ever found a sure resting place, and in support of whose principles his Lordship had proved himself worthy of the name he bore, and of that people whose confidence he so entirely possessed.

Lord J. Russell returned thanks in the warmest manner. He reckoned the present as one of the proudest moments of his life. Such a proof of approbation as a gift from 300,000 of his fellow subjects, he considered, next to the approbation of his own conscience, the greatest reward a public man could receive. These were the things which extinguish the bitterness attendant on public life, which amply recompensed him who strove to benefit the community, for the obstacles, and opposition, and labours, which he was destined to meet. He claimed no merit to himself. It was his good fortune to be associated with men of greater talents and distinction in the pursuit of objects of the highest and deepest importance to the religious and political freedom of the nation. He rejoiced that the great object had been effected by the co-operation which had taken place. With respect to the future, he would assure those around him that his conduct should be guided by the feelings and principles which influenced his former actions.

The deputation then departed, gratified beyond measure at the reception which they had met.

THE CONSTELLATION.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 12, 1823.

Since our last we have experienced much gratification by the perusal of the remaining volumes of "British India," which interesting work we had, two numbers back, the pleasure of introducing to our readers. These volumes contain much excellent and important information connected with this vast empire; among the sketches of native character, one of the most prominent is that of Hyder, the sovereign of Mysore; we quote a passage relating to this renowned predatory chief:—"His family appears to have sprung from the northern territory of the Punjab; they were of low station, and so poor as in some instances to subsist upon alms. Futtee Mohammed, the father, however, though reared by a charitable hand, entered the army of a Mysorean chief, and having served with distinction was raised to the rank of a *Nalik*—officer of peons, or foot-soldiers. A lady of some quality, whose husband had been robbed and murdered by banditti, being reduced to the utmost want, was prevailed upon to give her two daughters successively in marriage to this adventurer. By the youngest he had two sons, Shabaz and Hyder; but, when they had attained only the respective ages of nine and seven, their father and the prince his master were killed in battle. The mother and her boys then fell into the power of a rapacious chief, who not only plundered all the property he could find, but employed the most cruel torture to make them give up their hidden possessions. The widow of Futtee Mohammed, having 'lost every thing but her children and her honour,' found refuge with her brother Ibrahim, by whose bounty the family were supported. Hyder, accordingly, had his fortune entirely to make; and for some time he gave but slender promise of any high advancement. He did not even learn to read or write; and, on arriving at manhood, he spent his whole time either in voluptuous riot or in the pleasures of the chase. Thus he reached the age of twenty-seven before he would submit to the restraints even of military service."

His elder brother during this indolence of Hyder, had attached himself to the army of the native chief Nunjeraj, and Hyder is eventually induced to join him, and by his valour and daring exploits "He soon assembled round him a numerous body of those freebooters with which India swarmed, who asked no pay, but trusted solely to the plunder that they might collect under the auspices of an active chieftain. Instead of his paying them, they paid him; being required to contribute 'one-half' of all the booty which they might succeed in capturing. They were doubtless very much disposed to evade this partition; but Hyder, though he could not write the numerals, boasted of an almost unequalled expertness in the operations of mental arithmetic; and he was assisted by Kunde Row, a Braminical accountant of remarkable

skill. They established a system which the operative plunderers found it nearly vain to attempt eluding. The practices of a common London thief may be considered just and honourable compared with those by which Hyder rose to the rank of an Indian monarch. Not only the great and regular objects of pillage, such as convoys of grain, horses, or herds of cattle, but clothes, turbans, earrings, the most trifling ornaments taken from the persons of females, and even of children, were alike welcome. Friends were not distinguished from foes, provided the theft could be executed with secrecy. By these means, Hyder, before he left Trichinopoly, had collected 1000 horse, 5000 infantry, with elephants, camels, and all other appendages of a chief of high rank."

We have not space to follow him in his progress to the sovereignty, but enough has been exhibited, to indicate to what lengths a mind animated with his adventurous spirit would proceed.

Of the settlers and native merchants attached to an Eastern army, we have the following description: "Every article abounded in that predatory host: it exhibited 'the spoils of the East, and the industry of the West,—from a web of English broad-cloth to a Birmingham penknife; from the shawls of Cashmere to the second-hand garment of the Hindoo; from diamonds of the first water to the silver earring of a poor plundered village-maiden; while 'the tables of the money-changers, over-spread with the coins of every country of the East, gave evidence of an extent of mercantile activity utterly inconceivable in any camp, excepting that of systematic plunderers, by wholesale and retail.' These allies, however introduced the commander to a most useful class of men, the *brigandies* or grain-merchants, who, travelling in large armed bodies with their wives and children, made it their business to supply all the militant powers of Hindostan. They distributed their corn with the strictest impartiality to all who could pay for it."

The history of the Vedas and other sacred writings of the Hindoos are particularly interesting, and well worthy of attentive perusal; we cannot, however, consent to mutilate this portion by giving mere sketches, and therefore refer the whole to the reader, assuring him that his perusal of this branch of the history will be well repaid by the information afforded.

One of the most interesting relations in this work is the extraordinary feature in the character of the modern Hindoos, which has lately been developed by the opulent and intelligent natives of Calcutta, that of the cultivation of English literature. This desire may be traced to their commercial and military connections with the European residents, &c.; but perhaps in a more especial manner to the labours of the Serampore missionaries, whose zeal for the moral and religious improvement of the inhabitants of this vast country, has devoted years and even lives to the deep study of their language and antiquities.

This disposition of the natives "to extend their researches beyond the limits of native books, has been strengthened by their convictions of the superiority possessed by the Europeans in arms, arts, and policy, and by the acknowledged equity and mildness of their government. Not only have many of our standard classics been translated, and literary societies formed after our model, but several natives have composed works of merit in the English language, both in prose and verse."

The learned and amiable Bramin Rammohun Roy is a leading character in this extraordinary disposition to cultivate European literature, and he is now visiting Great Britain confessedly for the purpose of adding to the moral happiness of his countrymen.

The establishment by the Hindoos of an English newspaper, entitled "The Reformer," affords a fine illustration of the desire of the natives for intellectual improvement. The second number of this journal "contains the following remarkable passage: 'Whatever may be the opinion of those who advocate the continuance of things as they are, there will come a time when prejudice, however deep and ramified its roots are reckoned to be, will drop, and eventually wither away before the benign radiance of liberty and truth. Our ideas do not now range on the surface of things. We have commenced probing, and will probe on, till we discover that which will make us feel that we are men in common with others. We cast off prejudice and all its concomitants, as objects abhorrent to the principles which are calculated to ennoble us before the world. Assisted by the light of reason, we have the gladdening prospect before us of soon coming to the standard of civilization, which has established the prosperity of the European nations. Let us then, my countrymen, pursue with diligence and care the track laid open by these glorious nations. Let us follow the ensign of liberty and truth, and, emulating their wisdom and their virtues, be in our own turn the guiding needle to those who are blinded by the gloom of ignorance and superstition.'"

In the zoological portion of the third and last volume, will be found some excellent observations on the nature of animal poisons; together with some

curious particulars of the pearl-oyster, the silk-worm, and the wax-insect of China; the general features of Indian Botany, Geology, and various other branches of ancient and modern Hindoo science, well worthy the attention of the reading classes; and in taking our leave of these highly interesting volumes, we most cordially recommend them as particularly adapted for a valuable present to our youth at this season, and the donor may also find in this work some information to which perhaps he has hitherto been a stranger.

When Kemble was in the zenith of his fame, he had an engagement at the Newcastle theatre to play Hamlet on a certain night. The leading actor of that company was Bensley, an artist of the old school, who on this occasion was cast for the ghost. The high popularity of Kemble rendered his name an attractive feature in the bills, and with the jealousy inherent in theatricals, Bensley was much annoyed at having to second the greatness of the London star. He, however, studied the part, but having received it at short notice, in much tribulation, in his usual cold, sententious manner, walking about all day studying and slapping his forehead, anxiously waiting for the night, and as anxiously wishing it was over; amazingly tormented by an apprehension, that the affair would in some way or other injure his reputation. When the time for dressing came, Bensley's fears were not a jot abated: he put on the leather armour, which fitted him horribly, cursing by turns the Ghost, the armour, and the manager. At length the curtain rang up, and it occurred to Bensley, that a moderate draught, taken in time, might give him firmness, and thereupon, still repeating his part at intervals, he summoned his dresser to his aid. "Dresser! 'Mark me!' (repeating his character) 'if ever thou didst thy dear father love.' I am not in the habit of taking strong liquors on the nights on which I perform, but dresser—prithce go to the public-house over the way, and bring me a small glass of brandy and water." When the brandy and water came, the first scene going on all this while—Bensley drank it off at a draught; but as he set the empty vessel down, to his surprise he perceived a strong red sediment at the bottom of it; he immediately sent the dresser back to "The Crown," desiring him to enquire what the landlord meant by sending him so filthy a potation. Within the next minute he was called to go upon the stage—and still grumbling about the liquor and the character, he walked down stairs, and made his *cure* as the buried majesty of Denmark: but no sooner had John Kemble—with 'Angels and ministers of grace defend us'—started on one side, than his eye caught the landlady of the Crown, who, with imploring eye and uplifted hands, beckoned him to come off. Bensley made up his mind that the woman was frantic, and went on with his part as well as he could, it being in that scene only dumb show—beckoning and signing to Hamlet very solemnly with his truncheon, and looking cannon-balls over his shoulder at the landlady, who was so vociferous as to be heard almost at the back of the gallery: at length the time of exit came:—"What the devil, madam, is the matter with you?"

"The matter! oh, Mr. Bensley, oh! forgive me on my knees—poor miserable sinner that I am."

"Why what, in the name of the fiend, ails the woman?"

"The glass—brandy and water, Sir—red arsenic—oh! Sir, you are poisoned."

"Poisoned!" exclaimed Bensley.

"Oh, yes; oh! forgive me; my eldest daughter set the glass on the shelf with red arsenic in it for the rats; I mixed it in the dusk, there was no candle: oh! on my knees!"—as the written part dropped from his hand, the scene had shifted, and Kemble addressed himself to Bensley: "Come, Sir, the stage is waiting."

"Sir, I cannot help that, I am poisoned."

"Oh, poisoned! nonsense; the people, my dear sir, are hissing in the pit already."

"Sir, I—what can I do? I tell you I am poisoned—they don't suppose I'm in the agonies of death."

"Well, but my dear Bensley, if you are poisoned, you can play this one scene—what are we to do?"

At last Kemble, who did not perfectly understand what it all meant, absolutely hurried him on the stage, and they began the scene together; Bensley playing the ghost under the full conviction that, in five minutes, he should be a ghost in earnest: the play, under these auspicious circumstances, proceeded thus:

Hamlet.—Whither wilt thou lead me,—speak, I'll go no further.

Ghost.—Mark me! (I shan't be able to go much further.)

Hamlet.—Alas! poor Ghost.

Ghost.—Pity me not, (I'm a dead man, I'm poisoned); I'm your father's spirit, (oh! that cursed brandy and water), Doom'd for a certain time to walk—(this is my last night).

Hamlet.—Oh! Heaven!

Ghost.—Murder most foul—(keeps the Crown over the way) as in the best it is; (Is the doctor come?) but this most strange, foul, and unnatural—(I shall never get through it.)

Hamlet.—Haste me to know it.

Ghost.—Sleeping within mine orchard—(oh! that cursed public-house) my custom always in the afternoon, (brandy and water) with juice of cursed hebenon—(red arsenic) the leprous distilment—(meant for the rats.)

Hamlet.—Oh! my prophetic soul, mine uncle!

Ghost.—(Keeps the Hotel over the way—she's beckoning me off now. I'm poisoned.)

Hamlet.—(Are you serious?)

Ghost.—(I'm dying with red arsenic. I must go off.)

Hamlet.—(Stay a little, you will descend immediately.)

Ghost.—Oh! I am thy father's spirit; (cursed brandy.)

Hamlet.—Go on, I'll follow thee. (Go off, I'll apologise.)

Mr. Kemble then addressed the audience,—"Ladies and gentlemen, I am placed in a most extraordinary situation. Mr. Bensley is taken so suddenly and alarmingly ill, that he finds it impossible to continue his part at present; but hopes, with your kind indulgence, to be able in a few minutes to proceed." The audience received the apology very kindly, and the curtain fell. In the mean time, a medical man had been sent for, who examined the said poisonous glass, and declared that whatever it contained, it was any thing else but arsenic. In the end it turned out, that the dresser having himself brought the brandy and water to the theatre, had accidentally let fall a lump of rose-pink, intended to make blood for the murderers in the ensuing melo-drama—and so ended this ludicrous scene.

LETTERS ON NATURAL MAGIC.—This very clever volume of Sir David Brewster's, (being the 50th number of Harper's Family Library) is now presented to the public—and a volume of a more interesting nature we have seldom perused. Dr. Brewster, it will be recollected, was the inventor of that "magazine of magic," the Kaleidoscope—from the beneficial results of which invention he was, however, most unjustly deprived, by "a villainous quibble in law."

This volume will form a valuable adjunct to Sir Walter Scott's "Letters on Demonology, &c."

Messrs. Harper have also published the 4th number of the Boys' and Girls' Library. This volume, which is entitled "Sunday Evenings, or an Easy Introduction to the Reading of the Bible," is written in a plain and simple style, and well calculated to lead the youthful mind to a correct knowledge of Biblical history.

The 8th number of "The Southern Planter," a small paper published at Macon, Ga. has been received by us: it is principally devoted to agricultural information, with a good sprinkling of entertaining literature. Among the "Hints to Young Farmers," will be found the following excellent advice, which we would recommend to the serious attention of every patron of the public press:—"Should you take any periodical journal"—(the Constellation, for instance)—"pay for it in advance!"

The Philadelphia weekly journal hitherto published as the Saturday Bulletin, has been merged in Atkinson's Saturday Evening Post, and is now issued on an enlarged sheet. The "Saturday Courier" has also been enlarged—and from the variety of useful intelligence exhibited in their columns, they will be found well worthy the patronage of the public, as good family papers.

Several of our cotemporaries have been in the constant habit of borrowing "effulgence" from our CONSTELLATION, without the usual credit. We are always happy when we find our labours so generally approved, but must request that when our "brothers" cull our pages for their brightness, they will, in common courtesy, name the source to which they are indebted. We would illustrate this subject by a little anecdote:—A certain member of the British Parliament received a letter one day, the purport of which was to request his vote on a particular subject then before the House: considering the course adopted as irregular, and an attempt unnecessarily to bias his judgment, he took occasion in the succeeding session, to notice the circumstance in the House, and concluded with the following words:—"I rest satisfied this matter never will occur again, and therefore refrain from naming the writer, because—he is now the Bishop of —!"

Quoting the language of this member, we will merely say, that it is unnecessary for us to name the cotemporaries who so continually borrow from our pages without the established etiquette of credit, because—they are now connected with the —!

DOGBERRY'S NOTE BOOK.

In Unfortunate Fiddler.—On Wednesday, James Clooney entered the Mayor's Court to prefer a charge of robbery against his wife. The complainant, as he walked along the room, thrust out his head a full foot from his body, and exhibited to their Worships a phiz so redolent with fun, frolic, and broad humour, as is only found among the lower classes in Hibernia, and which proclaimed him to be, at once, a real 'Jim' of the Emerald Isle.

Plase your Honours (said Mither Clooney, in breathless haste), plase your Honours, I insist upon my wife, who was the dare jewel of my shoul, being prosecuted for a great big robbery.

Here he stopped, and the Court desired him to state the particulars of the awful charge.

Plase you then, isn't it enough to murder the mother's son of me for vexation, that my wife should stale away the very fiddle that was used to put the dare shouls in good humour at a wake or wedding?

Alderman—Well, my good man, how was it stolen? You know we can't interfere between you and your wife.

Mr. Clooney (with indignation)—Oeh! not interfere! then by the powers there's neither law, justice, or robbery! You see, your Worships, I just goed out, and sure didn't I see the fiddle hung on the peg, and didn't my wife run away with another woman into a publicanist with it, and didn't they get just the worth of it in the cratur, and haven't I lost the fiddle, and isn't that enough for your Worships to prostitute her for?

Here the volubility of Jim was cut short by a little round-faced woman, who having slyly followed her enraged lord and master into the room, had hitherto kept at a respectable distance, but who now stepped forward with an evident determination to make a duct of the complaint before their Worships.

Alderman—Who and what are you?

Mrs. Clooney, who seemed to be a woman of a few words, answered very composedly—"I'm his wife."

Alderman—Well, you have heard what your husband charges you with—is it true?

Mrs. Clooney looked Mr. Clooney in the face, and again answered with the most provoking coolness, "It is."

Mr. Clooney—There, by the sowl o' me! isn't that enough to raise a prostitution? I'll tell you what it is, your Worships; she'll think no more o' swallowing a big measure o' the cratur, than I would o' just taking a rare roasted praty to dinner.

Alderman—Well, my good woman, and what did you do with the fiddle?

Mrs. Clooney—And sure it's with the publicanist. We gave him the fiddle for just eighteen pinneth o' gin.

This confession set the "Jim" of the Emerald Isle into an amusing passion, and he was advised by the Court to make application for redress to the Court of Conscience.

Mr. Clooney—Is it conscience, my jewel! By St. Patrick! divil a conscience has she, so how will I get at it? I'll tell you what it is, your Honour—she and this other woman spend more tinnepennies afore you hear the cock o' the morn, than I can earn in a week. Court o' Conscience! oh, bodderation! Sure and don't I live in a court that's as long as any street in Belfast? Sure I'll go into no other court in this place, for I see I'll get no justice.

So saying, the unfortunate fiddler walked off in high dudgeon, followed by his taciturn wife; and thus terminated a scene which kept the Court in a roar of laughter, and which we have vainly endeavored to describe.

GLEANINGS.

A City Feast.—The following is the statement of the good things entered for home consumption by the citizens and their guests at the dinner on Wednesday se'nnight: 160 turkeys of turtle; 80 dishes of venison; 84 couple of chickens; 25 hams; 30 tongues; 20 pigeon pies; 30 French pies; 36 pieces of roast beef; 40 ribs of lamb; 42 dishes of shell fish; 4 rounds of beef; 44 fruit tarts; 42 tarts; 90 marbree jellies; 56 Italian creams; 24 Chantilly baskets; 24 dishes tartlets, &c.; 40 salad; 50 cucumbers; 40 dishes peas; 80 do. new potatoes; 80 do. French beans; 160 ice creams; 66 pige apples; 100 dishes hot house grapes; 160 do. strawberries; 46 do. raspberries; 51 do. gooseberries; 80 do. cherries; 56 do. currants; 20 do. almonds and raisins; 49 do. rout cakes and biscuits; 40 do. preserves and olives; 27 Savoy cakes, ornamented.—*London paper.*

Absence.—Beethoven, in the ordinary concerns of life, was in a state approaching to somnambulism, so engrossed was he with his musical ideas. At Vienna, on one occasion, he went into a tavern, called for the *carte*, replaced it on the table, took a pencil from his pocket, and began to write music on the back of it. Soon after, a *garcon* brought him soup: he replied he had dined; and before any objection could be made, paid a sum of money and went away.

American Press.—The different newspapers printed in the U. S. amount in number to nearly 1000, and the aggregate number printed annually is estimated at fifty millions, which is about one press to every thirteen hundred persons and four newspapers annually to each inhabitant.

Legal Travelling.—It is a well established rule at the British bar, consecrated by old usage, and observed at the present day, that all barristers shall travel the circuit with post-horses, but they may go to business by coach. If any member of the bar violates this practice, his brethren refuse to associate with him, or, in other words, he is cut.

Perpetual Motion. for the 999th time, has, we are informed, been discovered by a gentleman in Mass. which somebody thinks is likely to produce an important change in the science of mechanics as well as in the operative business of life. It is unnecessary to describe this machine, as every one has been built nearly after the same model. When a person can "lift himself up by the waistband of his inexpressibles," he may be able to set himself in perpetual motion.

A Brown Study.—During the absence of the Earl of Bath from town, his lady had ordered the white shelves in his library to be painted the color of mahogany. His lordship, on observing the change, said to the lady, "Well, my friends will now generally find me in a brown study."—*Taylor's Records of my Life.*

Schoolmaster's Abroad.—Prussia possesses 21,000 teachers, or schoolmasters paid by the state, of whom the most distinguished frequently travel at the public expense in order to improve their knowledge, and their system of education.

A Scotch Dinner.—An Englishman invited a friend from the land of cakes to dinner. The entables were boiled beef, cabbage, and potatoes. The host apologized to the Scotchman for the simple fare, when the latter requested he would make himself easy: "It is just such as I am used to at home," said he, "a' but the beef."

Iron Teeth.—An old woman applied at our lodgings to-day, for medicine that would produce her an entire new set of teeth; "or," said she, "if I can only be supplied with two large and strong ones, I shall be satisfied with them." The woman was becoming rather importunate, when I recommended her to procure two iron teeth from a blacksmith, which so much displeased her that she went away in a pet.—*Lander's Nigger.*

What is that instrument with which every tooth in your head may be drawn, not only without pain, but without perception of the operation, provided you open your mouth and keep your eyes shut? A black-lead pencil.

Confusion.—The Lowell Journal says that houses are so scarce in that place, that "there are a great number of families so mixed up together that they hardly know which is which."

HOPE.

In hope a king doth go to war,
In hope a lover lives full long;
In hope a merchant sails full far,
In hope just men do suffer wrong;
In hope the ploughman sows his seed,
Thus hope helps thousands at their need,
Then faint not heart, among the rest;
Whatever chance, hope thou the best!

Alison.

March of Orthography.—The following is taken verbatim from the original:—"John parker of whatley have had the misfortune fell from his Donkey Broke his fiddel he begs of any Good Christaine to give him some small Tridel to get it mended been poor Cripel he have been done his one parish for Donkeys so meny the Cante give him all ways your Humbel pethoner.

John parker Friende Is 6d.

Oxford (Eng.) paper.

Mr. Clay, on his return from his late visit to New Jersey, (the object of which we have understood to be to place a son at College) was complimented by being called on by four or five thousand of the citizens, in token of their respect and regard. A committee from the manufacturers and working men was among them and presented an address of acknowledgment for the services Mr. C. had rendered them by his public capacity.

The Boston Transcript comparing this season with the last, says for December, "we find the average daily range of the thermometer is 1½ degrees in favor of the present season; and that at no day in the present month has the degree of cold been less than 12 degrees above zero, while there were nine days last December when it was below 12, and two days it was below 0, one day two below, the other three below."

We learn from the Connecticut Courant that "a history of the 'Hartford Convention' is preparing by Theodore Dwight, Esq. of New-York, who was Secretary of that body. The work will contain a review of the policy of the National Government, which led to the meeting of that Convention, and is expected to make an octavo volume of from four to five hundred pages."

The third Congregational Church in Beverly, Mass. was lately burnt, and a large reward has been offered for the apprehension of the incendiary.

Mr. Shadrach Bogan, the Georgia Lottery Commissioner, "having been found guilty of all the charges preferred against him," the High Court of Impeachment has sentenced him to "be removed from his office as Commissioner, and disqualified from holding any public office of honour or profit within the State of Georgia, for the term of 20 years."

A Public Meeting has been held in Baltimore, the Mayor presiding, at which resolutions were passed disapproving the course of S. Carolina in regard to Nullification, applauding the President's Proclamation, and commending the Union Party of S. Carolina for their independence.

A meeting of the citizens of Buffalo, generally, was held on the 10th ult., at which several gentlemen made addresses, and resolutions were passed approving the doctrine of the President's Proclamation and pledging those present to sustain him in it, &c.

Interments in New York.—The City Inspector reports the death of 96 persons during the week ending Dec. 28th—viz. 20 men, 19 women, 34 boys, and 23 girls: of these, 22 died by consumption, 8 by dropsy in the head, 7 by convulsions, 6 by peripneumony, 6 by croup, and 1 by cholera morbus—we suppose the old-fashioned.

Rail Road Accident.—One of the cars on the Camden and Amboy Rail Road, accidentally ran off the track a few days since, and was precipitated down on an embankment of 15 or 20 feet, to the considerable injury, as we learn, of several passengers.

Our latest Detroit papers contain the Proclamation of Governor Porter of Michigan, appointing the 27th ult. a day of Thanksgiving and Prayer, and recommending to the citizens of the territory a strict observance of the same, in their accustomed manner.

The Contents of the 78th Number of the North American Review, published on the 1st inst. are:—Prince Puckler Muskau and Mrs. Trollope; Caille's Travels in Africa; Popular Education; Degerando's Visitor of the Poor; Revolutions in Poland; Lord Byron's Conversations on Religion; Temperance; Nullification; Ornamental Printing.

Gen. Blair, of South Carolina, who lately made an assault on the Editor of the U. S. Telegraph, as already related, has more recently, it is said, been at the Theatre, armed with several pistols, and other offensive weapons, and fired one of the former loaded with ball at the stage, at a time when two of the actors were there. He was taken out, and is supposed to be in a state of mental derangement.

Attempt to assassinate the King.—The procession to the Chamber of Deputies to-day was well nigh becoming a tragic scene. The King, who was on horseback, was shot at with a pistol, by a man who was standing on the bridge called Le Pont Royal, over which the procession passed. The ball fortunately went over the King's head, and no one was injured by it. The man who fired the pistol appears to belong to the populace. He was immediately seized.—*Paris, Nov. 6.*

It is mentioned that the Underwriters of Philadelphia, have chartered a pilot-boat for the purpose of cruising off the capes, with supplies for any vessels in distress, during the approaching season.

Steamboat Accident.—Accounts reached Cincinnati on the 24th ult., stating that the "Superior" had burst her boiler, which killed 3 persons, and scalded ten or 12 others. She was forty miles below Louisville, and has been towed up to that place."

COURTSHIP.

These verses are from Friendship's Offering. As to the sentiment, we do not pledge ourselves, but merely say in the words of another—"Behold the picture.—Is it like?"

"Oh Laura! will nothing I bring thee

E'er soften those looks of disdain?

Are the songs of affection I sing thee

All doomed to be sung thee in vain?

I offer thee love the sincerest,

The warmest e'er glowed upon earth!"

But the maiden a haughty look flinging,

Said, "Cease my compassion to move;

For I'm not very partial to singing;

And they're poor whose sole treasure is love!"

"My name will be sounded in story;

I offer thee, dearest, my name.

I have fought in the proud field of glory!

Oh Laura, come share in my fame!

I bring thee a soul that adores thee,

And loves thee wherever thou art,

Which thrills as its tribute it pours thee

Of tenderness fresh from the heart."

But the maiden said, "Cease to importune;

Give Cupid the use of his wings;

Ah, Fame's but a painful fortune—

And hearts are such valueless things!"

"Oh Laura, forgive, if I've spoken

Too boldly!—may turn not away—

For my heart with affliction is broken—

My uncle died only to-day!

My uncle, the nabob—who tended

My youth with affectionate care,

My manhood who kindly befriended—

Has—died—and—has—left me—his—hair?"

And the maiden said, "Weep not, sincerest!

My heart has been your's all along;

Oh! hearts are of treasures the dearest—

Do, Edward, go on with your song."

ENTRANCE OF THE FRENCH ARMY.

The Liverpool Journal of 24th Nov. gives the annexed account:

On Tuesday the French army crossed the Belgian frontier, and by the latest accounts they were concentrating within a league of Antwerp. Upwards of 20,000 men had halted there, the two eldest sons of Louis Philip being with them, the Duke of Orleans at the head of his brigade, and the Duke of Nemours at the head of the 1st Lancers. The remainder of the forces was hourly expected, and the whole when assembled, would present a grand military display of about 60,000 infantry and 16,000 horse.

The correspondent of the Morning Herald, who appears to accompany or follow close on the French army, writes that it is not the intention of Marshal Gerard to summon the citadel before Tuesday next, the 27th; but the Antwerp correspondent of the Times asserts, that this ceremony will be gone through this day, (Saturday.) Some accounts state that the Duke of Orleans had summoned General Chasse to surrender, and that, on his positive refusal, the prince demanded to know whether it was his intention to consider the city neutral ground. To this interrogation he is said to have returned an answer in the affirmative; but had it been otherwise, the French were to have taken possession of Antwerp in the name of France and England.

The Belgian forces were then to co-operate with them; but, in the event of the city being exempted from bombardment, the Belgians were to remain inactive, and the French were to assault the citadel from their trenches. This report, it has been observed, cannot be true; for it is not the military custom to summon a place before the General summoning is in a situation to strengthen his demand by the presence of his army. Up to the last moment, therefore, nothing positive had been done beyond the concentration of the French army in the immediate vicinity of Antwerp. The Times, as if from authority, assures us that General Chasse will not fire upon the city.

MEASURES FOR WAR.

The accounts received yesterday from Holland to Tuesday last, says the London Times of the 23rd November, taken in connection with those from Antwerp of the same date, afford us melancholy assurance that the Dutch Government has resolved upon warlike resistance, and that as the French army was ready to commence operations, almost immediate bloodshed has become inevitable. The "order of the day" of Gen. Chasse to the garrison he commands, dated the 17th, the "Order of the Day" of the commandant of Breda on the 18th, and the decree of King William, dated the 19th, for calling out the 2d and 3d bans of the *schutterij* (sedentary National Guards or militia), establish beyond a doubt that the Government of Holland has thrown down the gauntlet to France and England, and means to tempt the favors of victory against these powerful nations.

In his Order of the Day, Gen. Chasse announces to the garrison, the approach of the French army, "in order to compel us, if possible, by force of arms, to surrender the fortress." He adds, "full of confidence in the justice of our cause, we shall intrepidly await this army;" and thus concludes,—"Let us form the unalterable resolution to defend ourselves, with manly courage, to the last extremity."—The Order of the Day at Breda, breathes a like spirit of indomitable resolution.

English and French Commerce.—A decree of the King dated Nov. 16th, contains the following resolutions:—"That all French and English property shall be respected; that, in consequence, three days shall be given to French and English vessels to quit the King's dominions; and that the French and English vessels which may afterwards present themselves in the ports of Holland shall be politely warned off, without any detention or embargo whatever. The King will revoke this order as soon as the Order in Council of the 6th of Nov. has been revoked by the English Minister.

COERCION OF HOLLAND.

DECLARATION OF PRUSSIA.—The Courts of London and Paris have found it suitable to their interests to carry into effect the treaty of 15th November, last year, with respect to the division of territory stipulated in it between Holland and Belgium, by the declaration addressed to both governments, that each of those governments is to evacuate by the 12th instant, the places and portions of territory, which according to that treaty, are to remain in their possession, and that, in case of refusal, a compliance with this demand shall be obtained from the King of the Netherlands by military measures.

His Majesty the King, conformably to the declarations which he has made on every occasion, and in concert with Austria and Russia, has caused notice to be given to the governments of England and France, that he must refuse to these coercive measures not only all kind of co-operation, but also his assent, and that, on the contrary, he has resolved to place a corps of observation on the Maese, in order to be ready, on the entrance of a French army into Belgium, to avert the eventual consequences which the intended military operations might have with respect to the tranquility of Germany, and of his Majesty's dominions, and to the general peace. His Majesty has accordingly issued the necessary orders to the corps of the army stationed in the Rhenish provinces and Westphalia, and the said corps of observation will be immediately posted in the manner above stated.—*Berlin, Nov. 10.*

DUNBURN ABBEY.

'Twas morn—but not the ray which falls the summer
beams among;
When honey walks in gladness forth, with all her light
and song;
'Twas morn—but mist and cloud hung deep upon the
lonely vale,
And shadows, like the wings of death, were out upon the
gate.

For He whose spirit wakes the dust of nations into life—
That o'er the waste and barren earth spreads flowers and
fragrance life—
Whose genius, like the sun, illumed the mighty realms of
mind,
Had fled for ever from the fame, love, friendship of man-
kind!

To wear a wreath in glory wrought, his spirit swept afar,
Beyond the soaring wing of thought, the light of moon or
star;
To drink immortal waters, free from every taint of earth—
To breathe before the shrine of life, the source whence
worlds had birth!

There was waiting on the early breeze, and darkness in
the sky,
When, with sad plume, and cloak, and pall, a funeral
train swept by!
Methought—St. Mary, shield us well!—that other forms
moved there,
Than those of mortal brotherhood, the noble, young, and
fair!

Was it a dream?—how oft in sleep we ask, "Can this be
true?"
While warm imagination paints her marvels to our view;
Earth's glory seems a tarnish'd crown to that which we
behold,
When dreams enchant our sight with things whose mean-
est garb is gold!

Was it a dream?—Methought the "dauntless Harold"
passed me by—
The proud "Fitz-James," with martial step, and dark,
untamed eye;
That "Marmion's" haughty crest was there, a mourner for
his sake;
And she, the bold, the beautiful, sweet "Lady of the Lake,"

The "Minstrel," whose last lay was o'er, whose broken harp
lay low,
And with him glorious "Waverley," with glance and step
of war;
And "Squire's" voice rose there, as when, midst fate's
dreadful war,
He led the wild, ambitious, proud, and brave "Vich Ian
Vohr."

Next, marvelling at his sable suit, the "Dominie" stalk'd
past,
With "Berrum," "Julia," by his side, whose tears were
flowing fast;
"Guy Mannering," too, moved there, o'erpowered by that
afflicting sight;
And "Merrilies," as when she wept on Ellangowan's height.

Solemn and grave, "Monkbusk" approached, amidst that
burial line;
And "Ochiltree" leant o'er his staff, and mourn'd for "Auld
lang syne";
Slow march'd the gallant "McIntyre," whilst "Lovell"
mused alone;
For once, "Miss Wardour's" image left that bosom's faithful
throne!

With coronach and arms reversed, forth came "Mac
Gregor's" clan—
Red "Dougal's" cry peal'd shrill and wide—"Rob Roy's"
bold brow look'd wan;
The fair "Diana" kissed her cross, and bless'd its sainted
ray;
And "Wae is me!" the "Baillie" sigh'd, "that I should see
this day!"

Next rode, in melancholy guise, with sombre vest and
scarf,
Sir Edward, Laird of Ellieslaw, the far renowned "Black
Dwarf";
Upon his left, in bonnet blue, and white locks flowing
free—
The pious sculptor of the grave—stood "Old Mortality!"

"Balfour of Burley," "Claverhouse," the "Lord of Evan-
dale,"
And stately "Lady Margaret," whose wo might nought
avail!
Fierce "Bothwell" on his charger black, as from the con-
flict won;
And pale "Halakkuk Mucklewrath," who cries "God's
will be done!"

And like a rose, a young white rose, that blooms 'mid
wildest scenes,
Passed she—the modest, eloquent, and virtuous "Jeanie
Deane";
And "Dumbiedikes," that silent laird, with love too deep
to smile,
And "Effe," with her noble friend, the good "Duke of
Argyle."

With lofty brow, and bearing high, dark "Ravenswood"
advanced,
Who on the false "Lord Keeper's" mein with eye indignant
glanced;
Whilst graceful as a lonely fawn, 'neath covert close and
sure,
Approached the beauty of all hearts—the "Bride of Lam-
mermoor!"

Then "Annot Lyle," the fairy queen of light and song,
stepped near,
The "Knight of Ardonvohr," and he, the gifted Hieland
Seer;
"Dalgetty," "Duncan," Lord Monteith, and "Ronald," met
my view—
The hapless "Children of the Mist," and bold "Which-
Connell-Dhu!"

On swept "Bois Guilbert"—"Front de Bouf"—"De Bracy's"
plume of war;
And "Cœur de Lion's" crest shone near the valiant "Ivanhoe";
While soft as gliding summer cloud "Rowena" closer drew,
With beautiful "Rebecca"—peerless daughter of the Jew!

Still onward like the gathering night advanced that funeral
train—
Like billows when the tempest sweeps across the shadowy
main;
Where'er the eager gaze might reach, in noble ranks were
seen
Dark plume, and glittering mail and crest, and woman's
beautiful mien!

A sound that fell through that lengthening host; methought
the soul was dead,
Where in his glory and renown fair Scotia's hand reposed!
A sound that fell through that lengthening host! and forth
my vision fled!
But, ah!—that mournful dream proved true,—the immortal
Scott was dead!

[PART SECOND.]

"But, ah! that mournful dream proved true—the immortal
Scott was dead!"
The great champion of romance and knightly lay had fled—
The "Arms of the North"—the voice of Twined no more
Might pour its music o'er our hearts, and charm us as
of yore!

The spirit of departed days recall'd my dreaming mood;
Once more, methought, within the vale of gloom and death
I stood;
Still, far from east to west that train of mourners swept
along,
And still the voice, or vision, of my waking dream was
song!

I saw the courtly "Euphuist," with "Halbert of the Dell,"
And, like a ray of moonlight, pass'd the "White Maid of
Avenel";
"Lord Morton," "Douglas," "Bolton," and the "Royal Earl,"
marched there,
To the slow and solemn funeral chant of the "Monks of
Kennaquhair."

And she on whose imperial brow a god had set his seal,
The glory of whose loveliness grief might not all conceal;
The loved in high and princely halls, in lone and lowly
cotts,
Stood "Mary," the illustrious, yet hapless Queen of Scots!

The firm, devoted "Catherine," the "sentimental Græne";
"Lochleven," whose worn brow revealed an early blighted
name;
The enthusiastic "Magdalen," the pilgrim of that shrine,
Whose spirit triumphs o'er the tomb, and makes its dust
divine.

Next "Norma," of the Fitful-head, the wild Reim-kennar,
came,
But shiver'd lay her magic wand, and dim her eye of
flame;
Young "Minnia Troil," the lofty soul'd, whom "Cleveland's"
love betrayed;
The generous old "Udaller," and Mordaunt's sweet island
maid.

Slow followed "Lord Glenvarloch," first of Scotia's gallant
nobles;
With the fair, romantic "Margaret," and the erudite "King
James";
The wood'd and wrong'd "Hermione," whose lord all hearts
despise;
Sarcastic "Malagrowther," and the faithful "Moniplies."

Then scout "Sir Geoffrey" of the Peak and "Peveril" swept
near;
Stern "Bridgenorth," and the fiery "Duke," with knight
and cavalier;
The fairest of fantastic elves, "Fenella," glided on;
And "Alice," from whose beauteous lip the light of joy
was gone.

With "Leicester," Lord of Kenilworth, in mournful robes,
was seen
The gifted, great "Elizabeth," high England's matchless
queen!
"Tressilian's" wild and manly glance, and "Varney's"
darker gaze,
Sought "Amy Robsart's" brilliant form, too fair for earthly
praise;

And "Quentin's" haughty helm flash'd there; "Le Balafre's"
stout lance;
"Orleans," "Crevecoeur," and brave "Dunois," the noblest
knight of France;
The wild "Hayraddin," followed by the silent "Jean de
Troyes";
The mournful "Lady Hameline," and "Isabelle de Croyes."

Pale sorrow mark'd young "Tyrell's" mein; grief dimm'd
sweet "Clara's" eye;
And "Rolan's" Laird breath'd many a prayer for days and
friends gone by!
Oh, mourn not! pious "Cargill" cried; should his death
wo impart,
Whose cenotaph's the universe, whose elegy's the heart!

Forth bore the noble "Fairford's" his fascinating bride,
The lovely "Lilias" with the brave "Red Gauntlet" by her
side;
"Black Campbell," and the bold redoubt'd "Maxwell," met
my view;
And "Wandering Willy's" solemn wreath of dark funeral
yew!

As foes who meet upon some wild, some far and foreign
shore,
Wreck'd by the same tempestuous surge, recall past feuds
no more;
Thus prince and peasant, peer and slave—thus friend and
foe combine
To pour the homage of their heart upon one common shrine!

There "Lacy," famed "Cadwallon," and the fierce "Gwen-
wyn," march'd on;
Whilst horn and halberd, pike and bow, dart, glaive, and
javelin shone;
"Sir Dunsin," and the elegant young "Eveline," pass'd
there;
Stout "Wilkin," and the hopeless "Rose," with wild, dis-
hevel'd hair.

Around, in solemn grandeur, swept the banners of the brave,
And deep and far the clarions waked the wild dirge of the
grave;
On came the "Champion of the Cross," and near him, like
a star,
The regal "Berengaria," beauteous daughter of Navarre:

The high, heroic "Saladin," with proud and princely mien,
The rich and gorgeous Saracen, and the fiery Nazarene;
There "Edith" and her "Nubian slave" breath'd many a
thought divine,
Whilst rank on rank—a glorious train—rode the knights
of Palestine!

Straight follow'd "Zerubbabel," and "Joliffe" of the tower,
Young "Wildrake," "Markham," "Hazeldeine," and the fo-
rest nymph "Mayflower";
The democratic "Cromwell," stern, resolute, and free;
The "Knight of Woodstock," and the light and lovely
"Alice Lee";
And there the crafty "Proudfute," for once true sorrow felt;
"Craigdallie," "Chartres," and the recreant "Conachar the
Celt";

And he, whose chivalry had graced a more exalted birth,
The noble-minded "Henry," and the famed fair "Maid of
Perth!"

The intrepid "Anne of Geierstein," the false "Lorraine,"
stepp'd near;
Proud "Margaret of Anjou," and the faithful, brave "De
Vere";
There "Arnold," and the "King Rene," and "Charles the
Bold," had met
The dauntless "Donner Lugel," and the graceful young
"Lizette!"

Forth rode the glorious "Godfrey" by the gallant "Hugh
the Great,"
While wept the brave and beautiful their noble Minstrel's
fate;
Then "Hereward," the Varangian, with "Bertha" at his
side;
The valorous "Count of Paris," and his Amazonian bride;

And last, amidst that princely train, waved high "De
Walton's" plume,
Near fair "Agusta's" laurel-wreath, which time shall
ne'er consume;
And "Anthony," with quiver void, his last flet arrow sped,
Leant, mourning o'er his broken bow, and mused upon
death!

The vision and the voice are o'er! their influence waned
away
Like music o'er a summer lake at the golden close of day;
The vision and the voice are o'er!—but when will be
forgot
The buried Genius of Romance,—the imperishable Scott?

HEATH'S BOOK OF BEAUTY. 1833.

By L. E. L. With Nineteen beautifully finished
Engravings; from Drawings by the first Artists.

To illustrate this justly named *Book of Beauty*
the artist has evoked the genius of L. E. L.; and the
exquisite taste and talent which she has displayed in
answering the call, prove how well justified was the
choice. It is, as we have remarked on a former occa-
sion, extremely difficult for an author to write success-
fully even upon a single given subject—more difficult
still to write on many proposed, however various—
and, need we say how intensely that difficulty must
be increased when to number is added identity of species.
These engravings are all fancied portraits of
beautiful women; and it was required to compose a
narrative which should give life and reality to them
all. And admirably has this been accomplished, both
in prose and verse—of the former seven, and of the
latter ten pieces, but the poetry not occupying thirty
pages altogether.

It is not easy to pick from so rich and various a
wreath a specimen of flowers which can convey a just
notion of its qualities. We can only state our opin-
ion, that it is well calculated to charm the fancy and
touch the heart, and to furnish a refined intellectual
treat to every reader capable of feeling and apprecia-
ting the truth and excellence of literature.—*Lit. Gaz.*

The first tale, the "Enchantress," occupying a fifth
of the volume, is one of powerful imagining; and we
regret that we must pass it over for the "Talisman,"
as more eligible for a quotation. The *Talisman* is
an interesting story of an individual whose days are
numbered by the gratification of his wishes, and who
sees his life ebbing by the gradual disappearance of a
piece of shagreen skin, by which his span is measured.
He goes to Waterloo Bridge to commit suicide.

THE CITY AT DAYLIGHT.

***The two banks of the river embody the English
nation," thought Charles; "there is its magnificence
and its poetry, its terraces, its pillars, and its carved
embellishments; and on the other is its trade, its indus-
try, its warehouses, and their many signs of skill and
toil. Ah! the sun is rising over them as if in en-
couragement: I here take the last lesson of my destiny.
I have chosen the wrong side of the river—forced
upon exertion, what had I to do with the poetry of
life? The river became at every instant more beau-
tiful; long lines of crimson light trembled in the
stream; fifty pointed spires glittered in the bright
air, each marking one of those sacred fanes where the
dead find a hallowed rest, and the living a hallowed
hope. In the midst arose the giant dome of St. Paul's—
a mighty shrine, fit for the thanksgiving of a mighty
people. As yet, the many houses around lay in un-
broken repose; the gardens of the Temple looked
green and quiet, as if far away in some lonely valley;
and the few solitary trees scattered among the houses
seemed to drink the fresh morning air and rejoice.
"How strong is the love of the country in all indwel-
lers of towns!" exclaimed Charles. "How many
creepers shutting out the dark wall, can I see from
this spot! how many pots of bright-coloured and
sweet-scented plants are carefully nursed in windows,
which, but for them, would be dreary indeed! And
yet even here is that wretched inequality in which
fate delights alike in the animate and inanimate world.
What have those miserable trees and shrubs done,
that they should thus be surrounded by an unnatural
world of brick—the air, which is their life, close and
poisoned, and the very rain, which should refresh
them, but washing down the soot and dust from the
roofs above; and all this, when so many of their race
flourish in the glad and open fields, their free branches
spreading to the morning dews and the summer
showers, while the earliest growth of violets springs
beneath their shade?" He turned discontentedly to
the other side of the bridge. "Beautiful!" was his
involuntary ejaculation. The waves were freighted
as if with Tyrian purple, so rich was the sky which
they mirrored; the graceful arches of Westminster
Bridge stretched lightly across, and, shining like al-
baster, rose the carved walls of the fine old Abbey,
where sleep the noblest of England's dead. Honour
to the glorious past!—how it honoured us! Once we
were the future, and how much was done for our sake!

The contrast between above and below the bridge is
very striking. Below all seems for use, except Sca-
ser House—and even that, when we think, is but a
superb office—and the Temple gardens: all is crowded,
dingy and commercial. Above, wealth has arrived at
luxury; and the grounds behind Whitehall, the large
and ornamental houses, have all the outward signs of
rank and riches. Charles turned sullenly from them,
and watched the boats now floating with the tide. As
yet few were in motion; the huge barges rested by
the banks, but two or three colliers came on with their
large black sails, and darkened the distant river as
they passed. At this moment the sweet chiming of
St. Bride struck five, and the sound was immediately
repeated by the many clocks on every side: for an
instant the air was filled with music. "Curious it is,"
murmured our hero, "that every hour of our day is
repeated from myriad chiming; and yet how rarely do
we attend to the clock striking! Alas! how emblematic
is this of the way in which we neglect the many signs
of time! How terrible, when we think of what time
may achieve, is the manner in which we waste it! At
the end of every man's life, at least three-quarters of
the mighty element of which that life was composed
will be found void—lost—nay, utterly forgotten! And
yet that time, laboured and husbanded, might have
built palaces, gathered wealth, and, still greater, made
an imperishable name."

MURDER AND TRIAL FOR LIFE.

The "Knife" is a tale of murder, trial, and death;
which we merely mention as a novelty, of much pa-
thos, from the pen of our fair writer; and shall tran-
scribe but a few passages as examples in a different
style.

"Death never excites such sympathy as it does
when it assumes the shape of murder. In a few days
the little garden was stripped of every plant, rosemary,
rue, currant, and gooseberry bush, potato and cabbage,
—all that their possessors might have some relic of
the horrible murder; and every one planted the soil
in the most conspicuous part of their own garden.
The poor old woman had been universally liked; she
had kept that shop forty years; nothing had induced
her to leave it, though the original motive for settling
there had long passed away. The 'Great House,'
as it was wont to be called, where she had lived ser-
vant, and which had once been scarcely twice a stone's
throw from her home, had since been pulled down.
Mrs. Bird had for many years been the sole chronicler
of the glories of 'the old family,' and her former con-
nexion with it gave her still something of consequence
in the eyes of her neighbours. The most scrupulous
honesty, a cheerful temper, and a great love for chil-
dren (a singularly popular quality), a regular attend-
ance at church (on fine Sundays in the bright red
shawl, on wet ones in a less bright red cloak), and a
naturally good understanding, made her beloved, and
her advice often both asked and taken. Many com-
plained of the distance of her shop, but no one thought
of going to another. All respected the feeling that
made the old woman cling to the spot which had wit-
nessed her youth, her marriage, and her old age. She
had wedded, early in life, one of the gardeners of the
'Great House,' who, to use that common but most ex-
pressive phrase, had turned out 'no better than he
should do.' Luckily, going home one night in a state
of intoxication, he broke his neck—an event Mrs.
Bird deplored much more than her neighbours thought
necessary. However, it was not that sort of grief
which requires consolation; and the widow was not
tempted to forget the miseries of her first marriage in
the happiness of a second. She never gave hope that
triumph over experience, which Dr. Johnson so un-
gallantly declares a second wedding to be. Years after
years rolled away, and Mrs. Bird and her shop seemed
as much part of the moor as the stunted furze-bushes.
No one dreamt of change till the morning of the mur-
der, and then, as we have said, every body had fore-
seen what the old woman's living by herself, in such
an out-of-the-way place, would come to."

"At length the day of trial arrived. Assuredly
the English trial for murder is an awful assembling;
the vague look of serious horror, which would be le-
diculous under any other circumstances, is here redee-
med by its fearful source. The grave costume of the
bar, the dignified solemnity of the judge, the long
robes, all differing from the ordinary apparel of daily
life, have their full effect on at least two-thirds of the
spectators. Some may be too thoughtful, others too
thoughtless, to have their imagination affected by all
this 'pomp of circumstance'; but this is far from
being the feeling of the generality. The court was
crowded at an unusually early hour. Gradually the
dense and silent mass gave way before the slow ap-
proach of the judge: he took his seat; the twelve
jurymen followed—there was a slight stir as each
settled in his place, and then all was quiet as the grave.
There is a deep impression of awe produced by such
a vast but silent crowd; we are at once conscious that
the cause is terrible which can induce the unusual
stillness. The issue of a trial on which hangs life
or death, is indeed an appalling thing. We know
that men are about to take away that which they
cannot give—that a few words of human breath will
deprive of breath one of the number for ever; and
though we acknowledge that in this evil world pun-
ishment is the only security against crime, and that
blood for blood has been a necessity from the begin-
ning of time; still, we feel that the necessity is a dread-
ful one."

"The prisoners were now required to plead guilty
or not guilty. 'Not guilty!' replied the gipsy, with
an air of mingled confidence and defiance. His wife
had not till that moment been aware of his presence.

the first tone of his voice, she sprang forward with every look of intense delight, and throwing herself on his feet, embraced his knees, while joy and affection burst in a passionate burst of tears. The gipsy seemed the least moved of any by the touching love of his wife; he rather suffered than returned her caresses, receiving them more as homage is accepted, than as fondness is requited. How incomprehensible is woman's love!—it is not kindness that wins it, nor love that ensures it; we daily see the most devoted attachment lavished on those who seem to us singularly unworthy. The Spectator shewed his usual knowledge of human nature, when, in speaking on this subject, he relates, that in a town besieged by the enemy, on the women being allowed to depart with whatever they held most precious, only one among them carried off her husband,—a man notorious for his tyrannical temper, and who had, moreover, a bad habit, as it turned out, a good—habit of beating his wife every morning. Well, all governments are sustained by fear—fear being our great principle of order; and fear, we are tempted to believe, heightens and strengthens the love of woman.

THE SILK PURSE.

"Experiments" is in a lighter strain, and gives the adventures of a "lover from ennui." It is piquant, and shews great observation of life. We take a notion fancy ball sketch as a sample.

Now, a fancy ball is bad enough in London, where there are many, and where theatres have costumes that may be borrowed or copied; but in the country, where people are left to their own devices—truly to say may be applied the old poet's account of orders, 'their fancies are all frightful.' Miss Temple, we need scarcely observe, wore a turban, and looked as oriental, at least as un-English, as possible. Elizabeth preferred going back upon the steps of her grandmothers; and when Cecil saw her standing in the window, with the loose hanging sleeves of former days, and floating draperies of antique striped silk—her pretty arms just bare to the elbow, and her fair hair in half-descent curls, he decided, that if you are very young and pretty, extravagance in costume carries its own excuse. To dance they went: the dancing was bad, the music bad, and instead of ice, sago was handed round to the young people from taking cold. Yet Cecil passed some evenings. We talk of unsophisticated nature—I should like to know where it is to be had. Elizabeth Temple's hair did curl naturally—made her own dresses—and for accomplishments, and on her grandmother's spinnet by ear, knitted socks, and took the housekeeping alternate weeks with her sister;—yet had she talents for flirtation at equal to those of any young lady whose dress and accomplishments are the perfection of milliners. Cecil was her partner the most of the evening; and, by a few ingenious and invidious allusions, implied, not expressed, between him and the cavaliers,—that preference of attention, the best feminine flattery,—and a deference to his opinion, she blended with a self-consciousness of prettiness, which contrived to keep him rather pleasantly busy. Mr. Temple's house lay in his way home; though he had already ate supper enough for six, his friends would make him go in for another. His departure, Elizabeth gave him some trifling notice at Hastings; and while she was writing to Mr. Forrester, with that universal habit of the book up whatever happened to be near, in the intention of twisting it to pieces. It was the green silk purse, and he looked on it with a reverence of the slender fingers he had seen employed in its making. Could he be mistaken? No, he saw the letters distinctly, C. F. worked in light brown on his own initials; and he now recollected that Mr. Temple had asked him the other morning what his Christian name was; on hearing which, she made some remark of young ladies in such cases, 'Dear, a beautiful name!' Elizabeth, turning round in a minute, saw the purse in his hand, and also the green silk purse, and he looked on it with a reverence deeper than the occasion required, she said in a low but hurried voice, 'I really cannot have my own; give me the purse, Mr. Forrester.' Cecil said Cecil, in what was for him a very energetic tone, 'Oh, but I must and will have it!' making attempt to snatch it from him—to which his only answer was to catch her hand and kiss it. 'Elizabeth, my dear, Mr. Forrester must be tired; do not quarrel with your foolish commissions,' said her brother, who advanced, and himself accompanied her to the hall, taking leave of him with a mysterious look of mingled cordiality and compassion. The gentleman rode home, too tired for anything more; and when he arose the next morning, it was with a conviction that light brown hair was an excellent thing in a woman.

THE ROBBER OF THE RHINE.

We have purposely omitted to the last the band of Rhine, commanded by the renowned Schinderhannes. All the rest, indeed, may be called bands of Rhine as well as of Belgium or Holland; but Schinderhannes, except when serving as a volunteer for Picard or other chiefs, never wandered far from the banks of his magnificent river, and may therefore be styled, par excellence, the Robber of the Rhine. This remarkable person was born at Nastatten, in the lowest grade of society, in the year 1779, and received the public whipping, which he received for some juvenile delinquency, determined his course of life. His young heart was filled with shame and bitterness; and from that moment he sought to ally himself only with those who set at defiance the laws which had degraded him for ever. Having made himself worthy of such fellowship, by committing a daring robbery, and escaping from prison after his apprehension, he sought out Fink, surnamed Red-head, who received him with open arms, and introduced him successively to Mosebach, Seibert, Itis Jacob, and Zughetta, at that time the most celebrated bandits of the district. The young desperado soon shewed that it was his mission to lead, rather than to follow, and in a very little time he became the captain of the band. His capture thus became a matter of consequence; and he was so closely watched, that at length the authorities succeeded in apprehending him in the mill of Weiden. While they were conveying him to Oberstein, he contrived to get out upon the roof of a prison where they halted for the night, and attempted to descend by a rope he had manufactured of the straw of his bed. Midway, however, the rope broke, and, reaching the ground with more noise than he contemplated, he was re-taken. Secured, at length, in the strong prison of Saarbrück, every body believed that the career of the young chief was ended; when, in three days, the country was thrown into consternation by a circular announcing his escape. When Schinderhannes rejoined his comrades, he found them under the command of Petri, surnamed Peter the Black. This worthy was a tall gaunt man, with a forest of black hair, and a thick and matted beard hanging upon his breast. His complexion was sallow, his voice resembled the croak of a raven, both in sound and augury. When sober, he was plunged in a dull and easy apathy, in which he would do whatever he was bid, to the cutting of a throat, or the burning of a church; when drunk, he was a compound of the wolf and tiger. In the intermediate state, however, when his mind was fully awake without being over-excited, and when he could murder on principle, rather than from passion, or mere stupid instinct, he was the equal of any bandit chief unhung. He did not long, however, remain a bar to the young robber's ambition. Being taken, and plunged into a subterranean dungeon, where no brandy was to be had, he conceived such a disgust at the French side of the Rhine, that, on effecting his escape, he crossed the river, and did not return for some years. Schinderhannes himself was soon after captured, and lodged in the same dungeon at Simmerm. This was merely a deep vaulted hole, twenty feet under the foundation of a prison-tower on the ramparts, with only a single small opening at the top, through which the captive was let down by means of a rope. The opening of course could not be shut without stifling the prisoner, but, at any rate, there seemed to be no possibility of climbing to it, placed as it was in the middle of the lofty roof; while the chamber into which it led was itself a strong dungeon tenanted by another malefactor. The young chief, however, was nothing daunted. He twisted a rope of the straw of his bed, threw it to his neighbour above, who made the end fast; and by this means he ascended with ease to the upper chamber. Here he broke through the wall into the kitchen, forced away the defences of one of the windows, and leaped into the ditch of the town, dislocating his foot in the descent. In this state it took him three days and nights to crawl to the house of a friend, lying crouched in the forest like a wild beast by day, and resuming his painful journey at night. Having rejoined his band, he soon made it stronger than ever, by the addition of several important members—among others, of Karl Benzell, a young man of family and education.

At this time he was so well known on the banks of the Rhine, that mothers terrified their children with the name of the young and handsome Schinderhannes. In his own immediate neighbourhood, however, he was beloved by the peasantry, who would have died rather than have betrayed him; and one of the most beautiful girls in Germany ran off from her parents to join his fortunes in the forest, and accompanied him afterwards in some of his most daring expeditions dressed in boy's clothes. Gay, brave, gallant, generous, and humane, there was a high romance about his character which attracted even those who most abhorred his crimes. He was fond of music, and even of poetry; and to this day there is a song sung on the banks of the Rhine which he composed to his mistress. He was addicted to pleasure and a worshipper of women; but the charms of Julia Blasius, the young girl alluded to above, at length concentrated his wandering desires, and converted him from a general lover into an affectionate and devoted husband. Hitherto, however, he was ignorant of the grandeur and dignity with which the character of the outlaw was invested in Belgium; and when, in homage to his fame, Picard invited him to join an expedition to the Banks of the Main, Schinderhannes expected to see only a wandering chief like himself, haunting the desert hills and ruined castles, roaming on foot from forest to forest, and sweeping the highways when opportunity offered. What, then, was his amazement when he was received by the new bandit at the head of a troop of fifty horse, all regularly armed and accoutred, and paid like soldiers, besides their share of the bounty! Nor were the Belgians less surprised by the appearance of the band of the far-famed Schinderhannes, which they found to consist of a handful of foot-travellers, each armed and dressed at his fancy, or according to his means, and led on by a stripling, whose handsome person and engaging manners savoured more of the grove than of the camp. This was the first time he had ever come in contact with the other bands or branches, compos-

ing the vast association to which he belonged; and when he returned to his woods, at the end of the campaign, he set himself seriously to the task of introducing order and etiquette into his own system. Unlike the other bandits he pursued the Jews with special and unrelenting hostility; and became at length so dreaded by the whole Israelitish race settled in the countries of the Rhine, that they petitioned to be allowed to compound with him, by paying a duty resembling the Black Mail of the Scottish highlands. One of these tributaries, Isaac Herz, an extensive merchant of Sobernheim, was notwithstanding so much alarmed for his life, that he did not dare to stir out of doors without an escort of gendarmes; and this coming to the ears of Schinderhannes, the Jew was summoned to appear before him to answer for the misdeemeanour. At the instant appointed, the cadaverous face of Isaac was seen at the robber's gate, where a sentry armed at all points stood on guard. Being admitted, he ascended the stair, and found on the landing-place another sentry, who, on learning his business, announced his name. In a few minutes the door opened, and the Jew, crouched almost to the ground, tottered into the room more dead than alive. Schinderhannes, surrounded by his officers standing under arms, was seated, with a telescope before him, by the side of his beautiful Julia, both magnificently dressed.—'It has been reported to us,' said the captain, in a severe tone, 'that thou goest abroad under an escort of gendarmes; why is this? The Jew gasped, but not a syllable would come. 'Dost thou not know,' continued Schinderhannes more mildly, 'that if I speak but the word, thou wouldst be shot, wert thou in the midst of a whole troop?' Isaac bent himself to the earth in token of acquiescence, but his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. He paid twenty-six francs for the audience, and abandoned his unlawful and useless precautions. It is no part of our present task to touch upon the more remarkable exploits of this remarkable personage; and we therefore hurry him to the end of his career. Being captured on the German side of the river, under circumstances involving a good deal of romantic mystery, he was conveyed to Frankfort, and from thence to Mainz, for trial by the French authorities. In this last journey his companions and fellow prisoners were his beautiful and faithful Julia, and the famous robber Fetzter. On the way a wheel broke, and the carriage stopped. 'Comrade,' said Fetzter, 'that is like the wheel of our life, which is about to stop for ever?' At Mainz they found a great part of the band waiting for trial; and when the important day came, headed as usual by their chief, escorted by numerous brigades of troops, and surrounded by half the population of the country, these desperate men marched slowly through the streets to the ancient electoral palace. On entering the vast and magnificent saloon of the academy, whose marble walls had heretofore echoed to the strains of music, Schinderhannes stepped lightly to his seat, and looked round upon the thick concourse of the fair, the noble, the learned, and the brave, who had come there for the purpose of gazing upon the redoubted outlaw. He seemed to feel a strange pride in being the hero of the scene. Perhaps his thoughts reverted to his despicable childhood—his bitter and degrading stripes—and, even on the brink of destruction, his eyes lightened, and the pulses of his life throbbed high at the contrast. As the trial went on, he was seen frequently to play with his young infant, and to whisper to his wife, and press her hands. The evidence against him was overpowering, and the interest of the audience rose to a painful pitch. When the moment of judgment drew near, his fears for Julia shook him like an ague. He frequently cried out, clasping his hands, 'She is innocent! The poor young girl is innocent! It was I who seduced her!' Every eye was wet, and nothing was heard, in the profound silence of the moment, but the sobs of women. Julia, by the humanity of the court, was sentenced first, and Schinderhannes embraced her with tears of joy when he heard that her punishment was limited to two years' confinement. His father received twenty-two years of fetters; and he himself, with nineteen of his band, were doomed to the guillotine. The execution took place on the 21st of November, 1803, when twenty heads were cut off in twenty-six minutes.—*Heath's Piet. Annual.*

THE UNION REPEALED.

As the reader will probably suppose from the use of the word *repealed*, this alludes not to the Union of the American States, now so much a subject of attention, but to that between Ireland and Great Britain; which has for some time been, and still is strenuously urged by Mr. O'Connell and others. The article under this title, and from which an extract follows, is a vision of futurity, which appears in Mr. Campbell's Magazine. If there be reason for such anticipations in the case alluded to—what shall be the picture of "the Union dissolved"?—*Atlas.*

"Methought, then, that the repeal act had been passed, in virtue of agitation, and the distracted state of the country; or rather, to mention its more immediate cause, in virtue of sundry speeches of a certain Irish member, which were such insufferable bores, that they nightly emptied the house, put the speaker to sleep, and so brought the public business to a dead stand-still. I do not exactly remember what length of time had elapsed since this had happened; but at the epoch of my dream, the Commons were assembled in College Green, (the bank having failed,) the Lords from the first being voted a nuisance, (not, by-the-by, without some show of reason,) the lower house had of its own authority, 'cut the painter,' and declared war with England, on some disagreement

concerning Irish commerce. They were at the moment engaged in mooted the point, whether an embassy should be sent to America, or to the liberal Emperor of Russia, to beg an alliance offensive and defensive, with the infant republic. On some emergency, when the Dublin garrison had been weakened by numerous detachments, the Viceroy had been driven from the castle, the Secretary had been voted a shave-bagger and a traitor, and the city was in the hands of the separatists. The hero of repeal, however, was unfortunately no more. From the passing of that measure, his popularity had declined, owing to inveterate habits of ingratitude, in which the populace of Dublin had long been taught to indulge towards their best friends; and rejoicing conservatives declared, *neque enim lex facit ulla quam necis artifices arte perire sua.* This and other circumstances had induced him to accept of the office of Chancellor of the Irish Exchequer, (as Sir Francis Wroughton says,) 'if it be only to begin with.' He was thus compelled to oppose the further spread of the revolution, and had consequently been one day hanged by 'de boys' opposite the place where the statue of King William formerly stood. Mr. Sh— had emigrated early in the revolt, as yet no one exactly knew where. Mr. B—t—n had thrown off his cockade, and represented a conservative borough in the north, advocating the most ultra republican measures, for the purpose, (as his friends averred) of establishing a Protestant theocracy, of which he was to be himself the Samuel, or (as his enemies asserted) for pushing the papists into excesses, which would bring on a counter revolution.

Honest Jack was engaged in conducting a parliamentary journal, and had a seat in the house, where he headed a small knot of determined patriots, who stood out for the legislative independence of the four provinces, and a revival of the throne of Brian Boru. This project was a universal favourite. A meeting of Munster delegates had already assembled at Cork to carry it into partial execution, in spite of the Dublin parliament. Lords L. and R. deprived, with the rest of the peerage, of their privileges, and stripped of their fortunes, had turned fifth monarchy men, and were wandering about the country preaching the millennium, while their friend L.—t G. had become a Catholic, and had entered the monastery of the Trappists. Mr. W. had returned to Waterford, after a vain attempt to give a better direction to affairs, and was preparing to anticipate the sentence of banishment, which, in reward for former services, was maturing against him, in the tribunal of public safety. N. P. L., Esq. was chairman of the committee of finance and commerce, assembled to recommend prohibitive duties, on foreign tea, coffee, sugar, and nutmegs, and to encourage the home growth; and also to carry on absolute exclusion of all foreign manufactures, except gunpowder.

With the full consciousness of these, and many other preliminaries in my mind, I dreamed that I was in a coffee-house, with the newspaper before me, which I was perusing with an intense curiosity. The articles succeeded each other higgledy-piggledy, without order or customary location; nevertheless they fixed themselves on my memory as I read; the following are extracts. The first was the fragment of an editorial article and ran thus—

1. "It is impossible to express our horror at the folly and wickedness of those unpatriotic individuals, who refuse to take the national notes at par. It is absolutely raving to assert that extent of issues has anything to do with value—a pound being a pound, if there were fifty millions. Nothing, therefore, but an odious conspiracy to bring back the Saxon, can have produced the recent depression. The government, we hear, proposes to remedy the evil by re-opening the Wicklow gold mines, and giving the holders of paper shares in the mining company. For our parts, we think a compulsory act to fix the value of the public issues, will alone meet the emergency; and we recommend the subject as a pledge at the ensuing elections."

2. "All Cork is in the greatest consternation at the appearance of four British gun-brigs in the cove. Trade is at a complete stand still, and butter a drug. A meeting of merchants took place this day, to petition to parliament to pass a law to oblige every house-keeper to butter his bread on both sides—if he can."

3. "We learn by private letters that the conservative rebels are assembled at Lurgan, twenty thousand strong. The Sh—ns, who fled from Dublin after the destruction of their premises, during the late insurrection in Parliament street, have obtained commissions in one of the regiments. The rest, however, like all other rents, are not forthcoming, as in the palmy days of Tim's back-parlour; and the treasurer is reported absent without leave, in England, where he has carried the remains of the military chest."

4. "Limerick still holds out against the Saxon invaders. The cry is still 'No Surrender!' but as the horses are all devoured, and dogs and cats are looking up in the market, fears are entertained for the result, unless speedy succour be sent to the town.—Governor R.—is fast recovering from his wounds."

5. "In the interior, the peasantry continue to burn gentlemen's houses, without distinction of parties. This little amusement must be pardoned them; for there can be no doubt of their patriotism."

6. "Sir H. L.—s, who, by a strange good fortune, has hitherto escaped persecution from all the successive parties which have occupied the republic, has put forth a volume to prove that the Pope is in alliance with the Presbyterians of the North, and the Jesuits of Clongowes, to bring in the English and subvert the state. The worthy baronet has still an open boat

constantly moored off the Rock, to effect his escape, should any attempt be made on his life or liberty."

7. "The communication by post being entirely destroyed, the magnificent building in Backhouse street was, we hear, be speedily brought to the hammer."

8. "To be sold, by the committee of forfeited estates, Darrinane Abbey."

9. "This day a new sheet of the government index expurgatoriums was issued from the corner of Essex street. All the works of Miss Edgeworth and Lady Morgan are now included; also Mr. Moore's 'Captain Rock,' which is regarded as a satire on the sovereign people."

"Yesterday, the markets of Dublin were more than usually ill-supplied. The scarcity is tremendous; and at night the mob surrounded the House of Commons crying for bread. The corn stores along the quays were fired by the insurgents."

DISSOLUTION OF PARLIAMENT.

A Proclamation for Dissolving the present Parliament, and declaring the calling of another.

WILLIAM, R.

Whereas, we have thought fit, by and with the advice of our Privy Council, to dissolve this present Parliament, which stands prorogued to Tuesday, the 11th day of December instant: We do, for that end, publish this our Royal Proclamation, and do hereby dissolve the said Parliament accordingly; and the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and the Knights, Citizens, and Burgesses, and the Commissioners for Shires and Burghs, of the House of Commons, are discharged from their meeting and attendance on the said Tuesday, the 11th day of December instant, and we being desirous and resolved, as soon as may be, to meet our people, and to have their advice in Parliament, do hereby make known to all our loving subjects our Royal will and pleasure to call a new Parliament; and do hereby further declare, that, with the advice of our Privy Council, we have given orders to our Chancellor of that part of our United Kingdom called Great Britain, and our Chancellor of Ireland, that they do respectively, upon notice thereof, forthwith issue out writs in due form, and according to law, for calling a new Parliament; and we do hereby also, by this our Royal Proclamation, under our Great Seal of our United Kingdom, require writs forthwith to be issued accordingly by our said Chancellors respectively, for causing the Lords Spiritual and Temporal and Commons, who are to serve in the said Parliament, to be duly returned to, and give their attendance in, our said Parliament; which writs are to be returnable on the 29th day of January next.

Given at our Court of St. James's, this 3d day of December, 1832, and in the third year of our reign.

An order in Council was issued on the 3d of December, declaring that the order issued on the 6th of November, for the blockade of the Dutch Ports, does not extend to the ports belonging to the King of the Netherlands, either in the East or West Indies, or in Africa or America.

Another order was issued on the same day permitting 'all vessels under Dutch colours, having cargoes on board consisting of perishable articles, and which shall have been, or hereafter may be, detained under the embargo laid by the Order in Council of the 6th of November last, or that have been, or may hereafter be, sent in by any of His Majesty's ships of war in pursuance of such order, be forthwith released, and that all such vessels, with their cargoes, consisting of perishable articles as aforesaid, shall be permitted to proceed on their respective voyages.'

DIED.—At New Haven, Ct., on the 28th ult. the Hon. James Hillhouse, at an advanced age. "Mr. H. has been one of the most prominent men in New-England. He has been elected to office by his fellow citizens for the last half century, and was for a great number of years United States Senator. Few men have been warmer patriots or been more zealous in the cause of their country." New Haven contains many evidences of his public spirit.

GENERAL AGENTS.—For this Publication Edmund Fowler, city of New York; Chester Wallbridge Columbus, Ohio; Eckelmann & Norvell, Booksellers, Nashville, Tennessee; Wm. T. Williams, Bookseller, Savannah, Georgia; Colman, Holden & Co., Portland, Me.; and George W. Whitehead, Postmaster, Burford, Upper Canada.

The following persons will also receive subscriptions; and all Postmasters not enumerated in this list, to whom it may be agreeable, are requested to do so, and retain ten per cent. of the money paid them, as a remuneration for their trouble:—C. Livingston, Hudson; Postmaster, Catskill; J. Hosford, Albany and Troy; J. H. Rathbone, Utica; Dep. Postmaster, Syracuse; Dep. Postmaster, Auburn; Dep. Postmaster, Ithaca; Deputy Postmaster, Buffalo; Postmasters, Lewiston and Youngstown—state of N. York; J. Coffey, Coffee House, Philadelphia; S. J. Sylvester, Pittsburgh, Pa.; Wm. Porter, 34 South-street, Baltimore; Garrett Anderson, Washington City; Postmaster, Alexandria; J. Baker, Fortness Monroe, Va.; C. Hall, Norfolk; Postmasters, Richmond and Petersburg, Va.; Postmasters, Fayetteville and Wilmington, N.C.; Postmasters and Booksellers, Charleston, Columbia, and Camden, S.C.; Richards & Gamaliel, Augusta, Geo.; Postmasters, Mill-dogville, Clinton, Macon, and Columbus, Geo.; Postmasters, Montgomery, Selma, and Claiborne, Ala.; Odiorne & Smith, Mobile; E. Johns & Co., N. Orleans; Postmasters, Plaquemine, St. Francisville, and Baton Rouge, La.; Natchez and Vicksburg, Miss.; Louisville, Ky.; A. Kennedy, Lexington, Ky.; Geo. E. H. Day, Painesville, O.; Postmaster, Detroit, Michigan; Bennett W. Wheeler, Providence, R.I.; John Pouchard, Boston; H. H. Weld, Lowell; Postmaster, Taunton, Ms.; John Bulkin, Postmaster, Robbinston; Hiram Faver, East port, Maine; C. S. Young, St. John, N.B.; Hy. B. Allison, Miramichi, N.B.; Dr. J. Prescott, Halifax, N.S.; H. Thompson, Exchange, Quebec; Hy. Jones, Postmaster, Brockville; D. Prentiss, Kingston; J. S. Howard, P. M., York, U.C.; Ambrose Gosling, Hamilton; Anthony Atwood, St. George's; John A. M. Gilbert, Ireland Island, Bermuda; L. Battelle, Basin, St. Croix; Davis & Latimer, St. Thomas.

HURLEY'S (106 Broadway.)

OFFICIAL DRAWING of the New York Lottery, Class No. 1, for 1833.—39 3 40 43 45 48 42 15 49 25.

I have again sold in the above, Prices of \$1000, \$500, \$250, \$100, \$50, and several of \$100, &c.—and in Lotteries lately drawn I have sold the following splendid Prizes: 1 of \$20,000, 2 of \$10,000, 5 of \$5000, 2 of \$2500, 5 of \$2500, 6 of \$2000, 5 of \$1500, 4 of \$1250, and by words of 120 of \$1000 each, &c.

Next Wednesday, Jan. 16, will be drawn N.Y. Lottery Class No. 2, for 1833—Cash Prizes, \$20,000, \$10,000, \$5,000, \$3,100, and 10 of \$1,000, &c. Tickets only \$5.

Wednesday, Jan. 23, will be drawn Extra Class No. 1, for 1833—Cash Prizes, \$12,500, \$5,000, \$2,200, and 6 of \$1,000, &c. Tickets only \$4.—For sale at HURLEY'S

Fortune Office, 106 Broadway, corner of Pine street.

A liberal discount made to all who purchase by the package. Orders enclosing the cash or prize tickets meet the same attention as if personally applied for.

Current money discounted at the lowest rates. Doubloons, Sovereigns, and American Gold bought and sold.

January 12, 1833. c3m

FOR SALE.—Twenty-nine years' Lease of Lot No. 433 Greenwich-street—no ground rent. The Lot is 214 feet on Greenwich-street—about 29 on the rear—63 deep. On the premises is a small building which rents for \$80. Apply at 71 Broadway or No. 3 Pine-street. Jan. 12 ac

BOARDING SCHOOL FOR BOYS.

AT RIDGEFIELD, (CONN.)—By SAM'L S. ST. JOHN, A.B.

TERMS.—For Board and Tuition for Boys under 12 years of age, \$20 per quarter; over 12, \$25. No extra charges, except for Books and Stationery.

The number of Scholars will be strictly limited to 75, and the exclusive attention of the Principal devoted to their improvement. The course of study will be adapted to the wishes of the parents or guardians of each pupil, preparatory to an admission into the Common House or College. When left to the Principal the studies will embrace a thorough English and Commercial Education.

References.—The Faculty of Columbia College, Rev. Edmund D. Barry, D.D., Rev. William A. Clark, D.D., Dr. William Hubbard.

Applications for admission can be made (by mail) to the Principal at Ridgefield, Fairfield Co. (Conn.)

Particular information respecting the character of the School, as well as reference to patrons in the city, may be had on application to Messrs. S.C. & S. Lyster, 256 Pearl street. c3m

Jan. 5, 1833.

SYLVESTER'S, 130 Broadway, New-York.

SYLVESTER as usual continues to sell the Capitals in every Lottery. In Class 46, Comb. 11, 41, 61—the Capital Prize of \$20,000, was sent to Washington City. The fortunate holder is requested to forward the ticket and receive the money.

Mammoth Lotteries being general favourites, particularly with Sylvester's friends and patrons, early application should be made, as tickets will be scarce long before the drawing.

A liberal discount is allowed when a package or quantity is taken; and all orders by Mail invariably meet the same attention as personal application, when addressed to S. J. SYLVESTER, 130 Broadway, N. Y.

The Reporter is published every Wednesday evening, and is given and sent gratis to all who deal with Sylvester.

Official drawing of the New York Lottery, Class No. 1, for 1833:—39—3—46—43—18—48—42—15—49—35.

PATENT SCOTCH ICH OINTMENT.

THE only medicine in the world that cures the most inveterate Itch in one night. For pleasesness, expedition, ease and certainty, it is infinitely superior to any other medicine for the cure of the Itch; it is so certain in its operation, that it has never failed in any instance whatever of effectually curing that disagreeable disorder by one application only, though applied to many thousands in the United States. It does not contain the least particle of mercury, but may be applied with the greatest safety to the most delicate baby, or the tenderest infant. One box is a cure for a grown person, and divided, cures two children. For sale by the proprietor's sole agent in New York,

NATHAN B. GRAHAM, Nov. 24. 38 Cedar, cor. William st.

FRENCH LEECHES.

OF a superior quality, for sale wholesale and retail, or applied by an experienced person, at the drug and chemical store of

NATHAN B. GRAHAM, Nov. 24. 38 Cedar, cor. William st.

LORIN BROOKS, BOOT-MAKER.

NO. 24 John street, New York, would inform his friends and the public that he continues the business of boot-making, one door from his old stand, where boots are made to order, in the latest style and of the best materials.

Boots and Shoes, on hand, for sale on reasonable terms. June 13.

U. S. CAP MANUFACTORY, OLD ESTABLISHMENT, NO. 102 WILLIAM-STREET.

LUKE DAVIES informs his friends and the public, that he continues to manufacture CAPS for Gentlemen, Youths, and Infants, at his old-established Stores, No. 102 William-street, and No. 19 Arcade, where he keeps constantly on hand an extensive assortment of CAPS, STOCKS, CRAVAT STIFFENERS, PANTALOON-STRAPS and SPRINGS, VEST SPRINGS, SUSPENDERS, GLOVES, &c. &c. manufactured under his own inspection, and of the best Materials. He has also his New Pattern Caps for the Spring and Summer, now ready for inspection. He also continues to manufacture Glaz'd and Oil'd SILKS, of superior quality; Glaz'd MESLIN and Oil'd LIXES, Patent Leather, &c.

Officers of the Navy and Army supplied with the most approved pattern Caps at the shortest notice

N. B. All orders punctually attended to. June 13-city.

MEDICATED SILK OIL'D.

BY Luke Davies, at his old established U. S. Cap and Stock Manufactory, No. 102 William street, and 11 Arcade.

N. B. Certificates from the most eminent physicians of its mode of operating. June 23-ci.

DR. HULL'S PATENT TRUSS.

FOR the Relief and Cure of Hernia, or Rupture.—The curative and surgical effects of this Instrument, are too well known to the public to require an explanation. The exclusive right to this surgical instrument has been secured to Dr. Hull by letters patent, for the term of four years for the last improvements on 1823.

The following distinguished Surgeons and Physicians have given their decided preference to Dr. Hull's Truss:—

Valentine Mott, M. D. Professors of Surgery, Med. Alex. H. Stevens, M. D. College, N. Y.

George Bushe, M. D. Late Professors in Rutgers David Hosack, M. D. Med. College, N. Y.

John W. Francis, M. D. Med. College, N. Y.

Cyrus Perkins, M. D. late Professor of Surgery in Harvard Medical College.

The several Professors in the Medical Colleges in Philadelphia, Baltimore, New-Haven, and Cincinnati, have introduced Dr. Hull's Truss into their practice.

In addition to the above names, Dr. Hull has the satisfaction to signify that Mr. Surgeon Skoy, Surgeon General of the British Army, who during his recent visit to the United States, took occasion to examine into the merits of these instruments. He was so forcibly convinced of the novelty of their construction, and the superiority of their surgical powers over all others in use in Europe, that he procured models and samples for the purpose of introducing them officially into the entire British Army.

Dr. H. has also invented a very simple and improved suspensory bag and belt.

Dr. Hull's Office, No. 132 Fulton-st, near NASSAU. Jan 5—3m

FOR BULL'S FERRY AND FORT LEE.

Fare, 12¢ cents.

The low pressure steamboat John Jay, Capt. L. Wandel, will leave foot of Canal street every day, touching at the State Prison wharf, in front of W. Fosdick's store, where a regular office has been established, on and after the 1st of May until further notice, in the following order, viz.

Sundays—Leave Fort Lee at 5 o'clock A.M., 2 1/2 A.M., 1 P.M., and 6 P.M. Leave Bull's Ferry at 5 1/2 A.M., 10 A.M., 1 1/2 P.M., and 6 1/2 P.M. Leave Canal st. at 7 1/2 A.M., 11 A.M., P.M., and 7 1/2 P.M.

Other days—Leave Fort Lee at 4 o'clock A.M., 8 1/2 A.M., 1 P.M., and 5 P.M. Leave Bull's Ferry at 4 1/2 A.M., 9 A.M., 1 1/2 P.M., and 5 P.M. Leave Canal st. at 5 1/2 A.M., 10 1/2 A.M., 3 P.M., and 6 1/2 P.M.

Horses, Cattle, Market Produce, and all articles of freight taken at the lowest rates.

STAGES will be in readiness to convey passengers to Hackensack, Paterson, or any place on the public roads leading from the landings. In the immediate vicinity of Fort Lee a pleasant and commodious establishment has been prepared for target excursions, which is well worth the attention of our different military companies. Apply on board, foot of Canal street, or at the store of Benjamin Mott, 311 Spring street, opposite Clinton market, or Washington Fosdicks, West street, one door north of Amos. May 9, c&i.

HUDSON & NEW YORK STEAM TRANSPORTATION LINE FOR 1832.

Hudson Tow-boat Co.'s

Barge No. 1 (Capt. Peter G. Coffin), and Barge No. 2 (Capt. John T. Haviland), will leave Hudson and New York alternately through the season, on the following days:

From Hudson—Fridays at 4 o'clock P.M., from their wharf south of the ferry.

From New York—Saturdays at 6 P.M. from the east side Coenties slip, corner of South street.

To be towed by the steamboat LEGISLATOR, Captain J. B. Coffin—for freight and passengers.

The steamboat Legislator will make one trip in each week without her barges, for light freight and passengers, viz.: From Hudson, Tuesdays at 10 o'clock, A.M.; and from New York Wednesdays at 6 P.M.

Towing will be taken by the Legislator if required. The barges will at all times be open for the accommodation of boarders in New York.

ap. 25. JOHN POWER, Agent

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SAMUEL KENNEDY, CARVER, GILDER, and LOOKING GLASS MANUFACTURER, respectfully acquaints his friends and the public that in order the better to facilitate the various branches of his profession, he has removed from No. 20 Hudson street, to No. 5 Fourth street, between 6th Avenue and Washington Square, where every exertion is made to merit a share of public patronage, by excellence of work, moderation of prices, and punctuality in the execution of all orders he may be favoured with, wholesale and retail.

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OPERATIONS ON THE TEETH.

MR. BRYAN, Surgeon Dentist, No. 21 Warren st. near Broadway, has now prepared for insertion a beautiful assortment of the best description of

INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH.

in imitation of human teeth, of unchangeable colour, and never liable to the least decay.

Mr. Bryan performs all necessary operations on the teeth, and in all applicable cases continues to use his

PATENT PERPENDICULAR TOOTH EXTRACTOR, highly recommended by many of the most eminent physicians and surgeons of this city, whose certificates may be seen on application. The use of this instrument he reserves exclusively to himself in this city.

For further information relative to his Incorruptible Teeth, as well as respecting his manner of performing dental operations in general, Mr. Bryan has permission to refer to many respectable individuals and eminent physicians, among whom are the following: Valentine Mott, M.D., Samuel W. Moore, M.D., Francis E. Berger, M.D., D. W. Kissam, Jr. M.D., Amaziah Wright, M.D., and John C. Cheesman, M.D. June 6-citn.

LIVERPOOL AND N. YORK PACKETS.

Intended to sail, 1st, 10th, and 20th, of March, April, May and June. 1st and 15th of July, August, Sept. and Oct. 1st of Nov. Dec. January and February.

Rates of passage.

Cabin, \$100; second cabin, \$50; stowage, \$25, including provisions and every thing necessary for the comfort and convenience of the passengers.

For passage either to or from Liverpool apply to E. MACOMBER, 164 Maiden lane, near South st. N. York may 9, c&i.

PREMIUM—A FINE GOLD MEDAL.

INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH, honored with the Diploma of the American Institute. "The highest Premium, and the only one for Artificial Teeth, was awarded by the American Institute, in the City of New-York, at the late Fair, for the best Incorruptible Teeth, to Dr. Jonathan Dodge, Operative Surgeon Dentist, No. 5 Chambers-street New-York."

PREMIUM INCORRUPTIBLE TEETH.

Ladies and gentlemen who wish to supply the loss of their teeth, in the best possible manner, are most respectfully assured, that the Premium Incorruptible Teeth manufactured and inserted by the subscriber, possess decided advantages and eminent superiority over every other kind of artificial teeth, and over all other substances used for similar purposes. They possess a highly polished and vitrified surface, most beautiful enamel, and that peculiar animated appearance which exactly corresponds with the living natural teeth. They are unchangeable in their color, and may be had in every gradation of shade, to suit any that may be remaining in the mouth—so as to elude detection notwithstanding the closest scrutiny. They are readily and easily supplied, from a single tooth through every successive number, to a full and entire set; thus restoring to all ages, the healthful gratification of mastication, the pleasures of a distinct articulation and sonorous pronunciation. They are Incorruptible! and with their color, retain their form, solidity, durability, polish, strength and beauty, to the latest period of human existence. In point of economy, they will be found highly advantageous to the wearer; as they will outlast many successive sets of teeth ordinarily supplied. Having passed the ordeals of fire and acid, they do not, like teeth formed of animal substances, absorb the saliva or become saturated with the juices of the mouth, nor retain sticking to them particles of food, causing putridity and disgusting smell; they therefore neither offend the taste nor contaminate the breath.

The subscriber is kindly permitted to refer, if necessary, to a very great number of ladies and gentlemen of the first respectability, as well as to eminent and distinguished men of the medical faculty. JONATHAN DODGE, M.D. L.N.H.N.Y. &c. Operative Dental Surgeon, Original and only Manufacturer and Inserter of the Genuine Premium Incorruptible Teeth—No. 5 Chambers-street, New-York.

From the unprecedented patronage which a liberal and discerning public has bestowed upon the subscriber's Imitation-human-Incorruptible Teeth, other Dentists have deemed it not unfit to appropriate the name to teeth of their procuring and inserting; and while with heartfelt gratitude the subscriber acknowledges the very gracious as well as bountiful manner with which his professional services have been received by the enlightened citizens of this great metropolis: he deems it no less his duty to caution his patrons and the public, that his Premium Incorruptible Teeth are, in this city, inserted by himself only.

Patients from abroad are also particularly cautioned against imposition of another kind, and will please to bear in mind, that the subscriber has neither BROTHER or COUSIN, nor any other relative, a dentist; that he has no connection whatever with any other office, and has never held his office at any other place in the city of New-York, than where it now is, and has been for years past,

No. 5 Chambers-st. Please recollect the Number.